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SIR WALTER SCOTT—THE POET AND THE NOVELIST.

AMONG the different high and illustrious names that distinguish our literary history during the first third of the nineteenth century, none stands higher than that of Sir Walter Scott;—and yet if we analyze the nature of his claims to so glorious a reputation, we shall find some difficulty in establishing them on the ground of just and impartial criticism. None of his works exhibit the traces of profound thought or indicate his possession of the ability to investigate the moral and intellectual workings of the human individual or of society:—in fact, he was totally deficient in that mental element which is essential to the philosophical historian, and hence we may account for his wretched failure, when he attempted his ponderous abortion of Napoleon's life. Neither was the more practical portion of his mind—that which Dugald Stewart would denominate its 'active and moral feelings,' of more solid structure than his speculative faculty. His political notions, if indeed he may be said to have had any of his own, were little better than pure prejudices imbibed from his parents and from his own peculiar studies:—he had not a mind that could entertain a great question in all its length and breadth, with a view to the good of society in general. He lived among 'Barons and mighty men of old,' not in his imagination only; but he carried their proud bearing and aristocratic contempt of the lower classes into his consideration of present times:—indeed he presented, as a political character, the pitiable picture of a resuscitated Cavalier—a twaddling *laudator temporis acti*—living in an age of improved feeling for the general good, an age in which things are estimated not by prescriptive right, but by real worth, an age in which talent and industry are as sure a road to wealth and distinction as the headship of a barbarian clan or a barony of a thousand years' standing. His political biasses are very obvious and often unpleasantly prominent throughout his writings; and whenever an opportunity occurred for the public expression of his feelings, we have always found him the zealous advocate of principles, that the good-sense of all judicious men of all parties has long abandoned as untenable and injurious. *Au reste*, of his vanity we need only the proof furnished by *his own* favourable review of *one of his own* books in the Quarterly; and of his lamentable infirmity of moral purpose, the chain of events that first embarked him in trade,

* Life of Sir Walter Scott, by J. G. Lockhart. Vol. I. 8vo. R. Cadell:
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and at last involved him in ruin:—but delicacy requires that we should throw a veil over so painful a subject. Scott began by being a poet,—and a very popular poet he was; but whether his stores were exhausted and the freshness and vigour of his imagination faded, or whether the public taste had changed, his latter poems met not with that encouragement which his former productions easily commanded. The true reasons of this failure we suspect to be the structure of the author's mind. He had many of the accidental qualities, that aid in the constitution of a *real* poet; but he was deficient in the essential feature—a *poetically-creative* imagination. We have said *poetically-creative*,—because, if we denied his possession of imagination altogether, we should at once convict ourselves of folly. He could create, and did create, resemblances to living characters; he endued with life and breathed emotions into them, and he made them act on the scene in harmony with their own character and their own times;—he had besides a fresh and lively fancy, by which he was enabled to adorn his works with fragrant beauties charming both to eye and ear:—but still he possessed not the *poetic* imagination—the power, as we would define it, not only of producing a striking resemblance to living nature, but of giving to it a certain spirituality and ætheriality that is rather a *beau idéal* than a reality of human nature, and an intensity of feeling that extraordinary circumstances alone can elicit,—and he had no idea whatever of that grandeur of conception both in scenery and in character that is essentially requisite to form the genuine poet,—for, be it observed, we quite agree with Mæcenas's very clever toady, who once said—*mediocribus esse poetis—Non Di—non homines, non concessere columnæ.** To illustrate what we mean by a reference to the sister art, we would not deny the possession of imagination to Hogarth or Wilkie—one the moralist—the other the simple portrayer of domestic and low life, nor to Gainsborough and Constable the first of modern landscape painters; but we would not dream of giving them a place by the side of those who of yore wrought the Apollo and the Dying Gladiator, or in more modern day, produced the Transfiguration, the Last Supper, the Infant Jupiter, and the Illustrations of Milton.† Hogarth would sink before Raffaele—the subjects only, and not the artists being considered; and Constable, as a poet, would bear no comparison with Claude Lorraine—or even with Turner, though the latter's style be not a little meretricious. The author of 'Marmion' would be equally wrongly placed, if we were to give him rank by the side of those who imagined Hamlet and Satan.—Christabel and Endymion,—the two first sublimely grand,—the two last touchingly intense in emotion. In a word, it

* *Non concessere columnæ*, i. e. the booksellers will not buy their works: Messrs. Colburn and Bentley pay for sad trash at present,—and at a very high price. The booksellers in Augustus's time were not such fools. Oh—for this too liberal age!

† Let not the reader suppose that we consider Martin on a level with the old masters or with Sir Joshua Reynolds, because he is mentioned in their company. We consider that his conceptions are sublimely grand—unequalled by those of any modern artist; and we on that account the more regret the very incorrect drawing to be seen in all his pictures. More care and more elaboration would not take away from the merit of the composition.

appears quite certain, that, if Scott the poet had never changed his *métier* and become the prolific parent of some twenty or thirty highly popular romances, his name would long ere this have been consigned to the tomb of all the Capulets, and his memory would be preserved only in the pages of the old Edinburgh and Quarterly Reviews. But Scott has lived and will live; and the sun of his glory as a writer of fiction has reflected its rays on his poems—the less brilliant and less successful labours of his youth. Some of our readers may be inclined to dissent from the opinion that we have just advanced and to charge us with illiberality in thus unfavourably criticising the illustrious dead:—but truth must be told, and we fearlessly appeal to the candid and competent for the confirmation of our allegations. The more pleasant task remains of speaking to his excellencies as the first of modern romancers—the father of a school peculiar and distinct in its character—a pattern for the imitation of a host of more humble and less talented aspirants.

It would require far greater space and a more laborious reading of Sir Walter Scott's prose works than we can give or would wish to give, to analyze very minutely his qualifications for the station that he undoubtedly holds. The works on which his fame chiefly rests—are *Waverly*, the *Antiquary*, *Old Mortality*, *The Heart of Midlothian*, *Rob-Roy*, *Ivanhoe*, and *Kenilworth*;—and to these exclusively shall we refer for illustrations in proof of what we may advance concerning the intellectual qualities of their author.

Sir Walter Scott could have done nothing, if he had trusted solely to his own mental resources—to his own powers of penetrating character. He has written an admirable eulogy of Richardson; but if he had taken the author of *Clarissa Harlowe* for his pattern, he would have failed most miserably,—for he would then have brought his own superficiality into immediate contact with the keen, masterly, and philosophical penetration of human character, which none possessed, to an equal degree, with the greatest novelist of the last century. The author of '*Waverly*' was conscious of his own intellectual defects and weaknesses, and needed no ill-natured reviewer to point them out to him. The paths of Fielding, Smollett, Le Sage, and Richardson had been so often trodden, and with such success, that at best he could hope only to be a happy imitator. He, therefore, very wisely struck out a new path for himself, and resolved, if possible, to be the SUN of a new system. The result has been the most triumphant success. We shall endeavour to trace the causes of his prosperity.

Sir Walter Scott—as we believe, from his earliest youth down to his latest days,—was a diligent student of Scottish and British archæology; and if Froissart or De Brantôme had lived until the present day, they would have hailed Scott as one of themselves and well worthy of their most intimate fellowship:—but he was more. In the earlier years of his life he gave up much of his time to the study of the national character in all its various phases, and in the subsequent and more fully occupied periods of his career he omitted no opportunity afforded by a temporary repose for increasing the accumulated stores, which his wonderfully retentive memory placed fully

at his command. That the author of 'Waverly' understood the Scottish [character thoroughly, no one can doubt; and we boldly prophesy,—though there is little boldness, inasmuch as the notes, that have already appeared in the cheap editions, disclose a great deal of the secret history of the novels,—that all, or nearly all of his native characters—especially in low, middling, or mercantile life—are drawn from portraits. In stating this, nothing is intended in disparagement of the author's talents or of his imaginative powers:—it would be as absurd to suppose Raffaele to be a mere copyist, because he used his beautiful mistress as the model of his female figures. What we have already said amounts simply to this,—that Scott was very profoundly acquainted with national archæology and that he had a disposition for such studies that gave him great facilities in pushing them still further. What we mean to say in addition, is, that from his observation of society—and not a small circle of it,—he acquired a knowledge of the workings, that is, of the more superficial workings of the human feelings; and his retentive memory was so deeply impressed with them, that he was enabled to transfer them to paper with a vivacity and power that give the characters in which he embodies these borrowed conceptions the stamp of the highest genius and originality. Yet, it would be difficult to imagine that the Overreach of Massinger or the Shylock of Shakspeare,—terrible as they are,—were drawn without hints from actual originals. Away then with the objections of those, who deny the meed of poetical originality to characters, the *first* idea of which is conceived from nature herself. Whether Scott conceived more than the first idea from real characters, we have not the means of ascertaining. But, besides his love of becoming acquainted with individual character, Scott possessed a fund of humour, which enabled him to infuse drollery into some of his representations of character. Monkbarns, and Baillie Nicol Jarvie,—not here cited as the best of his comic characters, could not have been portrayed by a writer devoid of natural humour. 'They live, move, and have their being.' He was, besides, particularly fortunate in his description of scenery. Now, to assert that much of the scenery that is depicted in the Waverly Novels, came under the author's own eyes at different times during his rambles, would be nothing extravagant—nothing more than true. This would in the eye of some prove him to be a copyist,—just as much and no more than Constable (alas, now gone and without a survivor worthy of him)—the first of *aerial* and *climatic* landscape poets—could be said to be the servile copyist of a passing shower in April or of a sultry day in July. The charge is absurd. But Walter Scott was not the mere describer of inanimate nature. He could infuse life into his scenery and fill it with bustle and agitation:—in short he was thoroughly acquainted with what may be termed the melodramatic department of romance. Witness in proof of this ability—Waverly's interview with Flora Mac-Ivor at the cataract of Glennaquoich,—the rescue of Sir Arthur Wardour and his daughter from drowning by Lovel and Ochiltree,—the approach and departure of Claverton's troops to and from the Castle of Tillietudlem,—the capture of the saturnine enthusiast Balfour in his rocky fastness,

—the storming of the Tolbooth by the Porteous mob,—the destruction of Front-de-Bœuf's Castle,—the revels at Kenilworth, and many other scenes scarcely inferior to those that have been just mentioned.

In addition to his other abilities, he possessed one which heightened the charm of all the rest: we mean his admirable skill in interweaving and disentangling the plots of his stories. In some, it is true, he has not been so happy as in others; but in his best productions we cannot but admire the masterly facility with which he blends and harmonizes the lighter and more sombre parts of his pictures—the gayer and graver scenes in his bustling dramas, and the thorough command of his resources evinced by the style in which he conducts all the actors both of the plot and bye-plot to their proper place in the catastrophe. The dry humour of Monkbarns and the sly but good-natured cunning of Ochiltree in the “Antiquary,” afford a pleasing relief to the sadness of Sir Arthur Wardour and the still darker episode of Lord Genallan's history; and the old beggarman, whom the author employs throughout to move the machinery and to connect all its parts, arranges all the characters at the close with the skill of a fugleman, and in such a way too, as to show satisfactorily, that no single character has been introduced that is not necessary to the catastrophe. We might extend our remarks on this head to others of the Waverly novels; but a single instance will illustrate our meaning as well as twenty.

We have thus allowed to Sir Walter Scott the possession of many valuable requisites for the successful writer of romance; and we may here say, that he possessed these requisites to a greater extent than any of his followers. His antiquarian research was not superficial, but profound; his observation of national character and individual peculiarities was not the employment of his leisure hours only, but a habit of which he could not divest himself; the dry and facetious humour which gives piquancy to his comic characters was essentially his own, and adorned his private fire-side at Abbotsford as well as the books issued to the British public: his graphic powers as a painter of scenery and of animated nature were so great, as to raise a general impression that he was the first in rank since the days of Froissart; and his talent in the composition of his various materials—perhaps the most astonishing of all his excellencies—was without its match in the previous history of romance, and has not yet met with its equal. In conceding thus much of praise to Sir Walter Scott, we have cheerfully done an act of justice; but the current of popular prejudice cannot so far carry us away as to compel us to give praise—even to a Scott—where praise is not due. As in his poetry, so in his prose, he is deficient in what comes under the cognisance of the *poetic* imagination: and for this very reason he always fails in his attempts to dramatize the intense passions of the human soul and to represent the nobler part of our moral composition. In a word, the essence of tragedy had no existence in Walter Scott. He who wrote the poems might have written the Waverly novels; but had they been different persons, we may fairly infer that neither could have written tragedy. Scott showed his wisdom by not attempting it. To allude merely to Flora MacIvor, Diana Vernon, and Rebecca, the best, undoubtedly,

among his female characters, is quite sufficient to prove the author's knowledge of the deep and secret workings of the female heart very imperfect and unsatisfactory. It is not denied that the characters are well drawn and give a stirring interest to the tales to which they severally belong; but they act not as women, whose mighty and absorbing passion is love, which, indeed, may struggle for a while with contending emotions, but is always in the end victorious; they are cold and harsh, altogether deficient in that softness, delicacy, and warmth, which are inseparable from the female character. Of his heroes and heroines, generally, we need not say a single word; for every reader of the novels knows as well as ourselves that they are as uninteresting as a very mediocre talent could have made them. Of another order of personages,—whom Scott frequently makes the arbiters on whom the destiny of his tales depends,—we mean the witches and gipsy-impostors, such as Meg-Merrilies, Norna of the Fitful Head, Fenella, and the White Lady of Avenel,—the importance given to these characters in the working-out of the different stories to which they belong, plainly indicates the existence of a superstitious feeling, from which many men, as clever as himself, have not been exempt,—although, doubtless, such beings once *really* exercised a great influence in an age marked by ignorance and credulity. These characters are sketched with great power; and although we should be unable to discover their prototypes in real life, they give such an intenseness of interest to the events which they seem to controul, that,—however much in strict justice we might object to them,—we should under existing circumstances regret their removal. His best characters, it must be acknowledged after all, are those historical personages for whose portraiture we have the best authority from old documents. Claverhouse, Balfour, Rob Roy, and the Duke of Leicester,—characters widely differing from each other,—are depicted with a vividness and strength not to be found in any of his *merely imaginative* male characters.

The opinions, that have thus been given very freely and in the face of a nation who blindly adore Walter Scott as the most splendid genius of the nineteenth century, have not been advanced without much consideration; and as these observations are written only for the purpose of exciting a spirit of enquiry into the *sterling* excellencies of this great man, their writer is not anxious that his readers should fall in with his own opinions on a question which may be viewed in so many ways, and which after all discussion will finally be resolved into a question of taste.

Such have been the meditations, which the appearance of Mr. Lockhart's book drew from us—not from its own contents, but indirectly, from the train of thought which it suggested. We have been guilty of *truisms* without end, perhaps; but no matter, if we have told the *truth*; and so, without more ado,—*in res medias*.

The life of a man, like Walter Scott, drawn from original documents and edited by his literary executor and son-in-law, must possess a very high interest, inasmuch as it is the faithful picture of a great man's mind. The first volume is in some respects the most interesting of all, because it describes the events of Scott's early life,—told in his own words and in the choicest style of biography,—

and shows the gradual steps, by which that mental character was formed, which made him eventually the wonder and delight of his contemporaries.

Sir Walter Scott, the happy owner of a pedigree in common with most Scotsmen, was the son of one Walter Scott, a writer to the Signet, and he was born in the College Wynd of Edinburgh on the 15th of August, 1771. Of his earliest years the autobiographer gives us many amusing anecdotes. We content ourselves with citing his own account of his school-boy days; and we shall subsequently accompany this celebrated man through the various circumstances of his life, endeavouring, as we proceed, to deduce some conclusions that may aid psychologists in the philosophical analysis of his character.

Sir Walter Scott thus speaks of his school-boy days:—

"In 1779 I was sent to the second class of the Grammar School, or High School of Edinburgh, then taught by Mr. Luke Fraser, a good Latin scholar and a very worthy man. Though I had received, with my brothers, in private, lessons of Latin from Mr. James French, now a minister of the Kirk of Scotland, I was nevertheless rather behind the class in which I was placed, both in years and in progress. This was a real disadvantage, and one to which a boy of lively temper and talents ought to be as little exposed as one who might be less expected to make up his lee-way, as it is called. The situation has the unfortunate effect of reconciling a boy of the former character (which in a posthumous work I may claim for my own), to holding a subordinate station among his class-fellows—to which he would otherwise affix disgrace. There is also, from the constitution of the High School, a certain danger not sufficiently attended to. The boys take precedence in their *places*, as they are called, according to their merit, and it requires a long while, in general, before even a clever boy, if he falls behind the class, or is put into one for which he is not quite ready, can force his way to the situation which his abilities really entitle him to hold. It was probably owing to this circumstance, that, although at a more advanced period of life I have enjoyed considerable facility in acquiring languages, I did not make any great figure at the High School—or, at least, any exertions which I made were desultory and little to be depended on.

"Our class contained some very excellent scholars. The first *Dux* was James Buchan, who retained his honoured place, almost without a day's interval, all the while we were at the High School. He was afterwards at the head of the medical staff in Egypt, and in exposing himself to the plague infection by attending the hospitals there, displayed the same well-regulated and gentle, yet determined perseverance, which placed him most worthily at the head of his school-fellows, while many lads of livelier parts and dispositions held an inferior station. The next best scholars (*sed longo intervallo*) were my friend David Douglas, the heir and *élève* of the celebrated Adam Smith, and James Hope, now a Writer to the Signet, both since well known and distinguished in their departments of the law. As for myself, I glanced like a meteor from one end of the class to the other, and commonly disgusted my kind master as much by negligence and frivolity, as I occasionally pleased him by flashes of intellect and talent. Among my companions, my good-nature and a flow of ready imagination rendered me very popular. Boys are uncommonly just in their feelings, and at least equally generous. My lameness, and the efforts which I made to supply that disadvantage, by making up in address what I wanted in activity, engaged the latter principle in my favour; and in the winter play hours, when hard exercise was impossible, my tales used to assemble an admiring audience round Luckie Brown's fireside, and happy was he that could sit next to the inexhaustible narrator. So, on the whole, I made a brighter figure in the *yards*, than in the *class*."

(To be continued.)

CITY SKETCHES.—BY AN OLD CITIZEN.

No. II.

THE MATRIMONIAL SPECULATOR.

WHY should I break into the family vault of the Cobbs? Will it not be sufficient to state in solemn whisper that Mr. Drinkwater Cobb was the son of the late Mr. Joseph Cobb, who, some years ago, was kicked into eternity by a cow-heel, to which he was, perhaps, too weakly attached,—and who still lies (it is to be hoped so) on the east side of St. Magnus' church?

Mr. Drinkwater Cobb was a tobacconist and snuff manufacturer, occupying a house in a street appertaining to the parish of St. Magnus, who by dint of scraping, and screwing, and pinching, had contrived to amass—the word is too majestic for the purpose—had managed to huddle together as much property as justifies a respectable man in slightly elevating his eyebrows when he condescends to look upon his less fortunate neighbours.

It may readily be believed that Mr. Cobb had his faults. Some few human errors had, indeed, fallen to his share. His chief foible, however, was an insatiate thirst for specie, an ungovernable passion for the precious metals. To the attainment of riches Mr. Cobb sacrificed his time, his talents, his health, and, at last, himself into the bargain; and a bad one he made of it, after all.

It was a mistake, when Mr. Drinkwater Cobb invited to the pectoral department,—in plain language, when he took to his bosom Mrs. Martha Murgatroyd. The woman had a look of stability certainly; there was a solvent, nay, an accumulative appearance about the widow, that augured well of present assets, if not of contingent remainders. It is painful, however, to be compelled to observe, that Mr. Cobb was, upon this occasion, quite out of his reckoning; and that, beyond a four-post bedstead, an impracticable clothes-press too large for the doorway, and a drug in the upholstery market, several bandboxes of various hues and sizes, two or three walking-sticks, the property of the late Mr. Murgatroyd, and a portrait of one Mr. Hodgkinson, there was nothing (except the lady herself) on which Mr. Cobb could justly or conscientiously pride himself.

This was a legitimate cause of irritation, a justifiable source of discontent to the tobacconist. It is indisputable that there should be money on both sides, that the lady should possess a snug annuity or a good round instantaneously available sum: and Mr. Cobb was perfectly right, when he was overheard, in agony of spirit, making this communication to himself, "Dash my wig, if this isn't a dead take in."

But much, and naturally, as the reader may be disposed to sympathize with Mr. Drinkwater Cobb, it must, nevertheless, be remarked, however startling in these times and in this metropolis the observa-

tion may appear,) that the attainment of capital was not originally contemplated as the end and aim of marriage. Are the cardinal virtues to go for nothing? are the domestic qualities at a discount? What puppy shall tell me that all sentiment is gone to the dogs? What periwig-pated fellow shall presume to doubt the existence of ties? Who has not heard of—

“A heart richer than Plutus’ mine,
Dearer than gold?”

Why, therefore, should rhino be potential—wherefore bullion paramount?

Unfortunately, however (and this was the blighting part of the business), the newly-created Mrs. Cobb was no better provided for on the mental, moral, and amiable score than she was furnished with the secular; and hence her temper and her temporalities were equally despicable. To say that Mr. Drinkwater Cobb was hen-pecked were to go to the poultry-yard for an illustration, which might be more fitly sought in a menagerie. He was vulture-torn; he was condor-clawed. St. George had an easy task cut out for him; he had only a dragon to deal with, and it was most probably a green one. Mrs. Cobb was nothing like that colour; it was he, alas! who had been green.

That Mr. Drinkwater Cobb survived this calamity is only another evidence of the partial and unfair dealing, which has been so often attributed to the “grim feature.” He wanted very much to be off to that bourne from whence no traveller returns; but death would not book his inside place. What was life henceforth to him? He would not have given a pinch of his own snuff for it. His comforts had been long ago frightfully abridged. The cheerful glass and the nocturnal pipe were withdrawn. He neither soaked nor smoked his clay. What pleasure could he derive from the domestic hearth, when the house was too hot to hold him? What happiness from a better half, from whom he could obtain no quarter? Is it a wonder, then, that he would rather have been under the ribs of death than under his own living rib? I should think not.

Must it be inferred that Mr. Drinkwater Cobb bore this heavy affliction with patience? No, that were a wrong inference. Sometimes, indeed, he asked himself a few questions, which he could by no means satisfactorily answer. For example: why should he, figuratively to speak, be under the thumb of a woman whom he could twist round his little finger? Why should the expenses of his wardrobe be audited with so strict a regard to the economical principle, at the same time that his wife was “titivated” out in the first style of fashion? Wherefore must he be always on the domestic side of the street-door, and she so frequently (but he did not complain of that) “traipsing” about the metropolis? And lastly, why should he be made an honorary member of the Temperance Society, whilst Mrs. Cobb had the spasms every day after dinner?

Mrs. Cobb, doubtless, had been no gainer by the practical resolutions of these questions, but for one circumstance. The physical would afford no aid to the mental Cobb. He possessed energy of

purpose, but he lacked action. As it was, however, how he turned the tables upon her, in spirit! how he hauled her over the coals, in thought! how he mentally wreaked his vengeance upon her! In these, his wolfish moods, he perfectly scouted the prescribed thickness of a cudgel with which a man may legally visit the shoulders of his helpmate. It was a perfect delight to him (a luxury which a peep into the street sometimes afforded him) to behold the generous indignation of Punch, when, hugging one end of a sensible staff to his bosom, he applied the other to the ligneous pericranium of the "cantankerous" Judith. With what incredulity he perused police cases, which occasionally appeared in the newspapers headed "Brutal Conduct of a Husband," or "Savage Assault on a Wife." He smiled at these fictions; the thing could not be; it was impossible; but who believed any thing that appeared in the newspapers? He thought the celebrated "sarve her right" jury the most rational and clear-headed body of men it had ever been his fortune to read of. It is astonishing, also, how often he beheld himself, with his mind's eye, clothed in black, with a white cambric handkerchief at his nose, stepping sedately into what has been sarcastically termed a *mourning* coach.

Three years rolled, or, rather, grovelled on under the weight of Cobb and his afflictions, when an event fell out which had taken precedence of all others in the breast, and bosom, and heart, and soul of the tobacconist. Mrs. Cobb had been long ailing—became unwell—sent for the doctor—grew worse—and then was no better—and then was pretty much the same—until, to adopt, with a slight alteration, the poetical pathos of the stone-cutter,—

"Till Death did please,
Her for to seize,
And ease *him* of his pain (or bane)."

It is but justice to state, that Mr. Cobb bore his bereavement with extraordinary equanimity. He neither laughed nor cried, lest the world should ascribe his laughter to phrenzy or the tears to mirth. He only said that it was "a happy release," and people believed him.

It is not my province to account for, or philosophically to analyze the respective humours or dispositions of men; it is my business with a feeble, and sometimes with a trembling pen, to record them. It is well that a man should overlook his destiny from as elevated a position as possible,—that he should, as it were,

"See, as from a tower, the end of all,"—

that he should take a bird's eye view of his own prospects; but it is not so well, that the bird taking such survey should be a goose. Whether it was that Mr. Drinkwater Cobb argued, on the doctrine of chances, that he must necessarily have better luck next time, —whether he held it to be impossible that there could be worse than the worst, or that there was in the lowest deep a lower deep,—or whether he thought, since too negatives make an affirmative, two bad wives would form one good one, cannot be ascertained; but, it is certain, that very soon after the death of his first, Mr. Cobb began

to apply to the search after a second wife. I fear the truth after all is this, that pounds, shillings, and pence, were the three witches that stultified his fortune.

Mr. Griskin, the pork butcher, lived in the next street, just round the corner. Griskin was one of those plain, straightforward gentlemen of the old school who gloried in being an Englishman, and did not care who knew it, or knew any thing else for that matter, since that could not interfere with him. Had hogs been erudition, Griskin had been a most learned man; as it was, he was content to slaughter and sell pigs enough to make a Jew stare or a Christian happy; and he was, or appeared to be so; for after business he regularly took three glasses of grog, smoked several pipes of tobacco purchased at Cobb's counter, and had his nap in the arm-chair.

Griskin had one daughter, his only child, who, ensconced in a kind of sentry box in the shop, received and disbursed such sums, as the complicated nature of her father's swinish transactions might render necessary. Some have given it as their opinion that she was not beautiful. Beauty is only skin deep, to be sure; and yet I have known many fastidious judges, who do not admire a skin the more for being whitey-brown, with a slight tinge of yellow ochre for its complexion. The devastations of small-pox are thought, by a few, to detract from loveliness, although they may impart expression. It is frequently considered, that two eyes should concur to the distinctness of one glance, and there is a prejudice (it cannot be denied) against a too pointed nose. But these are merely matters of taste, which love cannot and must not recognize. Besides, the passion of Drink-water Cobb was for booty, not beauty.

It was ostensibly to cheapen a sucking pig, but in reality to ascertain the value of Miss Betsy Griskin, that the tobacconist, one day, looked in upon the pork butcher. He found him in conversible cue, and quite prepared to go into matters at large, and to enter upon affairs in general. But, touching the one point, although Cobb glanced at it in the most salient manner, although he hopped about it, advanced towards it, receded from it, with a most diplomatic finesse, he found the parent of his prey close—plaguy close; indeed, he afterwards said, "d——d close." He was a cunning old rascal, that Griskin; a sly old fox, with lots of money, no doubt; but he did not wish all the world to know it. And he was right, perfectly right.

But Cobb, nevertheless, took something by his motion—he received an invitation to come frequently of an evening and take a glass of grog. That was a point gained at all events. It was a clear case too. Griskin wanted to entrap him into the match; Cobb could not help smiling at that, he who had prepared such a springe for Miss Betsy. It was ridiculous, certainly. He had his eyes open now. He should like to catch any one catching him. No more Cobb-webs for him. And then, Griskin, of all men! He was decidedly monied. Why, the hoarding old sinner! but then he wanted to see his daughter respectably settled. That was judicious. He was a good, sensible, honest fellow. It showed a fatherly feeling.

Impressed by these convictions, Mr. Cobb renewed his ancient intimacy with Griskin. During his visits, which soon became pretty

frequent, the tobacconist observed so much, and to such good purpose, saw so much to approve and so little to condemn, was altogether so satisfied as to essentials, and so tolerant of minor objections, that (Griskin being by this time ripe for such communication) he took the liberty one night of opening the question after the hypothetical method.

"Suppose the case, that a gentleman should take a fancy to Miss Betsy, and should propose marriage, and suppose he should prove agreeable both to father and daughter—what then?"

Griskin did not appear to be taken by surprise. His reply was very nearly in these words.

"Why, you know, I should be sorry to lose the girl:—you know she's my only chick and child, you understand; but if any respectable man should take a fancy to her, then of course you know—"

Cobb was glad to hear this; not that he had any doubt of Griskin's paternity, or soleness of chick, but it was pleasing to dwell upon the fact.

He pursued the subject something to this effect. "But then, marriage is a serious matter. In an artificial state of society money was an object—a consideration. In case of death, therefore, his (Griskin's) death—how then?"

The swine-slayer looked rather blue at the contingency hinted at.

"Why, you know, in the event of death, what I have would go to her, you know,—of course."

"Good! What I have!" very well, but how much is that? thought Cobb.

"But then in these cases it was usual, very common indeed, on the day of marriage:—did Mr. Griskin perfectly apprehend his meaning?—it was usual, he said, that there should be a certain sum,—money down, eh? dowry, you see; it was called dowry."

Griskin laid down his pipe and gazed at his companion. The tenor of his reply was this.

Did Mr. Cobb consider him mad? Did he (Griskin) want his daughter to leave him? Was he going to give anything to a person for fetching her away? Could he entrust his money to a man, until he had experience of his worth? Not he. He didn't like that system; and when Cobb was about to argue the matter coolly, and to show how much better now was than then, he was cut short by the peremptory dissyllable "Gammon!"

Cobb pondered intensely upon the extractable matter to be gathered out of Griskin's discourse. One thing was at least certain; he could obtain the daughter, if he pleased. But the main point was still open. The old gentleman might come round. He tried him again, therefore, and often; but the old gentleman, perhaps because pigs were the staple of his thoughts, had become pig-headed, and would not listen to reason, or to what Mr. Drinkwater Cobb believed to be so. "The fact is," thought the tobacconist, "these wealthy people [will have everything their own way;—they must not be thwarted or crossed," and, taking a sober and sedate view of the question, he decided upon submitting himself and his pretensions for

Griskin's acceptance forthwith. He did so, and was referred in due form to the daughter.

It cannot for a moment be imagined, that Cobb entered upon this business with any sentimental palpitations. He did not *pop* the question. That vile phrase will not apply to his mode of conducting the affair. He was no pop-gun, he was a long rifle, and had, indeed, come forth upon a rifling expedition. Need I say that he was successful, or that his rapture was as genuine, although not perhaps quite so fervent, as the fantastic freaks of the most devoted lover? Cupidity is as powerful as Cupid.

This little matter settled, every thing went on smoothly enough; Mr. Drinkwater Cobb surveyed and estimated his wardrobe with a view to ascertain whether any, and what additions might be made thereto. A strange little woman, who seemed formed for the purpose, was engaged by Miss Griskin at so much a day and her meals to complete the wedding paraphernalia; and ladies elbowed each other at church, when Cobb appeared,—some thinking how funny, others how strange, and others again how unfortunate, that he should have made such a choice.

Nothing daunted, however, by these ordinary manifestations of an interest which people *will* take in other people's affairs, Cobb sallied forth one morning for the purpose of fixing the precise day of his nuptials. As he approached the house of his intended, he beheld Chitterling on the door-step, communicating a vital heat to his frame by practising the double-shuffle in a pair of wooden shoes. Chitterling acted in the capacity of foreman to Mr. Griskin; he was, in fact, his lieutenant, and commanded the left wing of the establishment. Upon him also devolved the duty of cleaning the shop daily; of superintending the chopping-machine in the cellar, and twice a week of causing a certain number of pigs to squeak their *Nunc dimittis*. He had been so long in the employ of his master, that his subservience was merely tacitly understood, a perfect equality in all other respects subsisting between them.

With this burly and good-humoured person, accoutred in a red night-cap, a chocolate neckcloth with white spots, and a sausage-coloured jacket, did Drinkwater Cobb exchange the salutations of the morning.

"Good morning, Chitterling," said Cobb with a kind of frank condescension, "been busy, I suppose; your killing day, isn't it?"

"Yes," replied Chitterling, "I've just done for a few innocent creturs in the back-yard, yonder. Won't you walk in? Griskin's not up yet, though."

"I'll call again presently then," and Cobb was about to retire.

"And so you're going to take away our young mistress, Mr. Cobb?" said Chitterling, looking down upon the tobacconist.

"I am so," replied Cobb.

"Well, all right: she's not much to my taste, though," and Chitterling began to whistle.

"Tastes will differ," suggested Cobb.

"Oh yes," replied the other, imitating the Yankee accent, "but she's a knowing 'un, mark me; shrewd, precious shrewd."

"Yes, sharp, clever, Chitterling."

"I believe you she is, you're just right there," replied the foreman nodding his head. "If you have any awkward customers in your shop at any time, Master Cobb, she's the one to tackle 'em."

"What do you mean?" enquired Cobb blandly.

"She'd snap their heads off in a jiffey," cried Chitterling. "She's too hasty sometimes, to my mind; out of all reason. I'll tell you how she served two fellows as came into the shop one day. They wanted a quarter's water-rate; well, she looks into the book, and finds as her father had paid it. She tells 'em so. No, they wouldn't have it at any price. She tells 'em again, 'It's paid,' says she. They denies it. She denies it. They denies it. At last they said they wouldn't go out of the shop until she forked it over. What does she do? she comes out of her box, she takes 'em one after the other—no ceremony, mind ye—no *parley voo*—by the skruff of the neck, and bundles 'em both out of doors."

At the termination of this speech, Chitterling, recognizing a friend on the other side of the street, lifted his wooden shoes and ran off to accost him.

But, had a physiognomist been at Cobb's elbow at this moment, had he marked the expression of his face, and watched the direction of his eye, he would have perceived at once, that the tobacconist would, not unwillingly, have been led into the back-yard, there to undergo the fate which had been dealt out to the "innocent creturs" referred to by Chitterling.

The anecdote reminded him so strongly of the late Mrs. Cobb! It was just what she would have done under the circumstances. A fearful corollary unwound itself out of an argument founded upon the recent disclosure. In a word, he feared that he had succeeded in obtaining a second edition of the "*Miseries of Human Life*," with additions!

It was with a sensible diminution of appetite that Cobb sat down to breakfast; and the minute observer might have detected a more than ordinary gravity of demeanour as he fulfilled the duties of the shop.

He had not been long engaged at his counter, when the entrance of Mr. Larkins into the shop, who came to have his box replenished, recalled his wandering thoughts into their most legitimate channel—business. Mr. Larkins was an old gentleman who had been for many years past stamped by the neighbourhood as the most inveterate newsmonger extant; and the wonder was, that he had not long ago been required to get himself stamped every morning at Somerset-house and to pay the duty. Upon this occasion, however, he had come to imbibe and not to convey intelligence.

"Well, going to be married again, Cobb?" said Larkins.

"I am about to be united, certainly," answered Cobb.

"To Miss Griskin?"

"To that lady."

"Ah! I wish you joy."

"Thank ye," said Cobb, but there was something which he could not but consider strange in the tone adopted by Larkins.

"Money in that quarter, I fancy; isn't there?" enquired Larkins.

"Why, yes—a little," replied the other.

"Ah! I wish you may get it," said Larkins.

"Eh?"

"I wish you may get it, I say; money is a scarce article—very scarce—I find it so."

"True—very true," said Cobb, somewhat relieved.

"Did you know the mother, eh?" enquired Larkins.

"I had not the pleasure of knowing the mother."

"She was a nice woman," said Larkins, "a very nice woman. Strange you don't find children take after their parents, sometimes. But tempers will vary. We are all frail creatures, Cobb. Pity you didn't know when you were well off. Good morning;" and, ere the tobacconist could arrest his retreating steps by speaking a word, the old gentleman had departed.

Shortly after this conversation, leaving the shop to the care of his assistant, Cobb retired to his parlour. Here was a terrible confirmation of the substance of Chitterling's heedless chat of the morning! Cobb loved money to be sure; but life was precious also, and to be saddled with, and bridled by, a second Martha Murgatroyd! But stop! After all, what was there in the water-rate incident? It served the fellows right. Were they to dispute the evidence of her father's books? It was an instance of filial affection. He didn't like a woman without spirit. It was requisite sometimes. And then what did Larkins mean? He was known to be one of the most calumniating old vagabonds in the parish. Oh! nothing could be more certain; the woman had been much wronged—shamefully so—shamefully.

His mind misgave him mightily, nevertheless, and in spite of those buttresses which he had suddenly raised for its support, when he went forth a second time to fix and to decide upon what is commonly termed the happy day. But he had not proceeded far—only to the corner of the street, when he chanced to run against a lady in a bonnet like an inverted black japanned coal-scuttle. It was Mrs. Draper!

"Ah! Mr. Cobb, is that you?" said the lady. "What d'ye think I heard just now? That you were going to be married to Griskin's girl. It can't be true?"

"My dear Madam," cried Cobb, "I'm in a great hurry, pray don't detain me now—particular business—"

"Well, good bye. But, mind, I never believed it. Why, don't you remember young Mangles?"

"Mangles! Mangles! no, I can't say I *do* remember young Mangles," said Cobb almost savagely.

"Don't you remember he was going to be married to her ten years ago?"

"To her? to whom? Miss Griskin?"

"Sure," said Mrs. Draper, "Lord! you must recollect it. Why the match was broken off. He wouldn't have her; a violent temper, you know."

"Violent temper!" said Cobb, vaguely.

"Bless you shocking. It's past all bearing. But I won't keep you

now. I thought it couldn't be true; good bye," and the lady went on her way, leaving Cobb paralyzed on the curb-stone.

"Thought it couldn't be true!" But it was true, fatally true! How had this tigress contrived to sheathe her talons for so long a period, and so effectually? And so he was about to be taken in once more, once more to sell himself to a devil. Cobb thought at that moment he would much rather have sold himself at once to the definite article; and he would not much have cared, if that personage had flown away with him out of hand, and no more bother.

He retraced his steps to his own home. As he entered the shop, the little negro on one side of the door seemed veritably to be leering maliciously at the little Highlander on the other; and when he retired to bed, the portrait of Mr. Hodgkinson, which had for some years officiated as a chimney board, appeared to wear a quizzical expression about the eyes which he had not heretofore remarked.

Next morning, Mr. Cobb walked to his small desk in his small counting-house, and, taking a sheet of paper, wrote the following letter:—

"SIR,—An unforeseen distressing circumstance compels me to relinquish the hand of your amiable daughter. Be assured, I shall, during my existence, entertain a lively sense of her excellent qualities. I will explain more hereafter. Meanwhile, believe me to be, &c.

"Mr. Thomas Griskin.

DRINKWATER COBB."

Having despatched this laconic epistle, Cobb sat himself down prepared for the worst, that could befall on this side death or marriage: he thought so at least, and the more he thought of the proceeding he had adopted, the more did he applaud himself for having resorted to it. He was slightly startled, however, about an hour afterwards, by the appearance of Chitterling, bearing in his hand a reply, which ran as follows:—

"Mr. Drinkwater Cobb.

"SIR,—I thought as much, when you didn't come as you had promised yesterday. You want to edge off; but it won't do. You shan't play upon the girl's feelings in this here manner. I'll tell you what I mean to do; it's a thing I can't abear to do, but I must. I shall put it into the hands of Rackem and Wrench, and if they don't serve you out, my name's not

THOMAS GRISKIN."

"Any answer, master?" said Chitterling, when the other had finished the letter. "I'll look in presently," said Cobb in a faint voice.

"You must come soon then," replied Chitterling, "for Griskin's going out: to the lawyer's I think he said," and the foreman hastened from the premises.

Here was a precious go! Cobb said it advisedly; it was a precious go. What! to be plunged into a vortex of litigation—to lose his all, and to get nothing! That must not be. But how to escape? Cobb sorted together his multitudinous thoughts, and at length selected the following:—Griskin was rich. He (Cobb) therefore had a reversionary interest in Griskin. Griskin was more than sixty; was afflicted with an asthma; had a short neck, and was no bad subject for apoplexy. And then, Miss Griskin, was no chicken. She was delicate—very delicate—all along "of her sitting so

much in the sentry box." Now the late Mrs. Cobb was not delicate—far from it, and yet—. No actuary at a fire office could have withstood this reasoning. Cobb, therefore, put on his hat, and hastened towards the house of the pork-butcher.

He found that gentleman on the point of going out: "My dear Mr. Griskin," exclaimed Cobb, thrusting him into the back parlour, "hear me for one moment."

"I won't hear nothing, you know," said Griskin, "without a witness. Here, Chitterling!"

"My dear Sir, there is no occasion for the presence of Mr. Chitterling, I assure you," cried Cobb earnestly, "let me explain."

"Oh! you're not going to gammon me, you know; I know, without a witness," said the pork-butcher. "Here, Chitterling!"

Upon this second summons the foreman burst into the parlour in dishabille, with his shirt-sleeves rolled up to the shoulder-blade, and looked like a gymnast prepared for combat. And so, in fact, he was.

"Here, sit down there, Chitterling," said Griskin, pointing to a chair, "and listen to what this here gentleman has got to say."

Chitterling obeyed, and, flinging his brawny arms upon the table, leaned forward, and fixed his frightfully extended eyes upon the countenance of Cobb with a look of profound attention.

Cobb was now fain to state with artful solemnity that he had recently met with a severe pecuniary loss, which he thought might prevent him entering into a contract otherwise so highly desirable; but if Mr. Griskin was willing—

"And so it was nothing you heard about me?" enquired Griskin.

"My dear Sir, how could that be?" replied Cobb. "So respectable an inhabitant of this parish—"

"Well then," said Griskin, appeased, "enough of that, you know. But do you think I think worse of a man because he happens to be poor? I should be a despicable wretch if I did. Why, *you* don't, do you?"

"Not I," said Cobb, "far from it. But let me hope Miss Griskin has not been informed—"

"Not a word—all right—an't it, Chitterling?" said Griskin, and he shook Cobb's extended hand with great cordiality. And that business was settled.

And here I would willingly drop the pen, and leave it to the imagination of the reader to conceive what sort of a marriage (which, by the bye, Griskin urged on with strong rapidity) Mr. Drinkwater Cobb made of it. But it may be as well to say that Miss Griskin made him a much better wife than, from all he had heard of her, he expected, and, from what the reader has seen of him, he deserved.

And, perhaps, it is necessary, also, to mention this. On the very day week after his marriage, Mr. Drinkwater Cobb, taking up the newspaper, and casting his eyes casually on the columns, found his vision magnetically attracted by the following words, printed so plainly that the compositor must have selected new type for the occasion:—

"THOMAS GRISKIN, pork-butcher, 73 — Street. Official Assignee, Mr. Tucker. Solicitors, Messrs. Rackem and Wrench; and just above, in a bolder letter, 'LIST OF BANKRUPTS.' "

MAY, 1837.

2 H

THE LIFE AND WRITINGS OF PHILIPPE COUNT DE SEGUR.

THE history of Napoleon's Russian campaign, on which Count Ségur's literary reputation is chiefly founded, is rather an historical romance than a history; and it would be unjust to class it with such works as those of Barante, Thierry, Guizot and Sismondi. So strongly indeed does this work partake of the character of romance, that it needs only the interweaving of a love-story *à la Bulwer* or *à la Walter Scott* to give it a claim to a place beside the volumes of the author of *Waverley*. In the sequel we shall advance some reasons for the opinion which is here ventured concerning the literary merits of M. de Ségur. We shall premise a few brief details respecting his history.

The Counts de Ségur have maintained a certain celebrity in France during the two last centuries; so that it seems necessary to say something respecting them of the olden time, before we proceed to the subject of this Memoir. The first Ségur, whom history mentions with praise, lived in the reigns of Louis XIV. and XV.:—he was lieutenant-general in 1742, and distinguished himself in Germany. At the battle of Lawfeld in 1747, in which the French under the command of Marshal Saxe gained a victory over the English, he was also fortunate in winning the eulogies of his comrades. His son, Philippe Henri, Marquis de Ségur and Marshal of France, achieved great things at Rocoux, where he was dangerously wounded, whilst leading on his men against the English. Although he was shot in the breast, and long in imminent danger, he recovered soon enough to be present the following year at Lawfeld, where he had his arm shattered in the commencement of the action:—notwithstanding his wound he remained in the field and greatly contributed by his gallant conduct to the success of the French in that battle which was so disastrous to the English. The king remarked on this occasion to his father:—'*Des hommes tels que lui devoient être invulnérables.*' Philippe de Ségur continued in active and successful service till 1781, when Louis XVI., by way of acknowledgment for the signal benefits that his military talents had conferred on France, appointed him Minister of War, in which situation he was enabled to serve his country by introducing a salutary reform, both as respects discipline and expenditure, into this branch of public administration. One act, however, sullied his glory:—he was the author of that fatal *ordonnance* which appropriated all military commissions to the nobility exclusively,—of that *ordonnance* which partly gave rise to the troubles of the revolution and produced the most dire consequences long after the commencement of the struggle. The nobles in command went over to the enemy and abandoned their troops, which, now without a leader, would have been scattered and annihilated by the enemies of the Republic, if there had not sprung, by magic as it were, from the ranks of the despised people a crowd of generals and officers, who showed the astonished chivalry of Europe, that they who directed a



Le Comte de Sigur.

London May. 1837.

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plough or handled a chisel and mallet could learn the arts of war as well as the affected courtiers of the Tuilleries. The author of the *Mémoires*, of which we shall speak presently, endeavours to exculpate his relative from the heavy charge brought against him by the assertion that he was dragged to the measure by the majority of the King's advisers,—a poor excuse for a man who ought rather to have given in his resignation than signed what he knew to be a measure fraught with evil. But he was a Ségur ;—and the whole family are well known, as having been led by the love of place to cry out, as the times required,—*Vive le Roi,—vive la ligue*: indeed their history would form a very pretty chapter in the biography of political renegades. The revolution, which stripped him of his property, saved his life ; and the generosity of Bonaparte when first consul supplied him with those aids that were necessary to soothe his declining years. He died at an advanced age in 1801. His two sons acquired some celebrity at Court and in the fashionable *salons* of the Capital,—the younger by many light writings now forgotten, but well relished by the superficial thinkers of his time, the elder partly by writings of the same kind, partly by those of a more serious and praiseworthy character, of which he must make some mention.

Count Louis Philippe de Ségur, a major-general and a peer of France, member of the French Academy, &c., son of Marshal Ségur, was born at Paris in 1753, where after a brilliant career as a student, he embraced the military profession. This, however, happened at a time of peace, when fawning courtiers gained promotion—not by valorous achievements, but by successful intrigue ; and thus there was no other proof of his courage practicable beyond what duelling could furnish. Of his different rencontres in duels he gives a most *piquant* account in his *Mémoires*. Without ever facing an enemy, the young soldier became a colonel in 1776 ; but this circumstance need not cause surprise, when the Count tells us in his *Mémoires* (p. 121) that there were colonels as young as *seven*,—fit leaders indeed for the whiskered veterans of the old army ! During his colonelcy of the *Régiment Soissonois* he served in two campaigns of the war of American Independence, where he ardently desired distinction in company with Lafayette ; but unfortunately he arrived only at the end of the war, shortly before Washington and Rochambeau closed the contest by obliging the English army to lay down their arms at New York. The first volume of his *Mémoires* contains an account of these events : but the brilliance of later writers on the same subject have thrown M. de Ségur quite into the shade. After his return to France in 1783, he was appointed Minister Plenipotentiary at the Court of Russia, where he discovered a diplomatic adroitness, which gained him praise at Versailles. His talents, however, were only tried on secondary projects ; for, luckily, the division of Poland had already taken place,—thanks to the folly of Louis XV.'s government and to the machiavellism and political cunning of Frederic the Great and Catherine of Russia. The narrative of Crimea with the Czarina forms a highly interesting portion of his *Mémoires*, which, although yet in an unfinished state, have acquired such popularity, as to have gone through three editions.

The earliest events of the French revolution recalled him to France; and he was then appointed ambassador to the Papal court; but the progress of political changes was so rapid that his destiny was changed:—he was despatched to Berlin, in order to try to prevent Prussia from a declaration of war against France; and his efforts met with a temporary success. On his return to Paris in 1792 he had the extraordinary good fortune of escaping the notice of the rabid terrorists; and he employed the leisure of his obscure station in the cultivation of literature.

When he declared himself a supporter of the first consul Bonaparte, fortune once more smiled on him. He was elected member of the National Institute; and in 1804 the Emperor Napoleon gave him the post of grand-master of the ceremonies. He subsequently became a senator and one of the most supple and obliging servants of the Imperial pleasure. Louis XVIII. who found Ségur not less zealous in his service than he had been in that of the enemy raised him to the peerage; and in 1815, on the return of the banished Emperor, he quietly resumed his post about his old master's person:—in short by his adroit suppleness in politics he forcibly reminds us of a very popular song—

“J’ai toujours dans ma poche
L’aigle et la fleur de lis.”

The second restoration damaged him a little; but he contrived very soon to get again into favour, and in 1818 he resumed his seat among the peers—in that house which might be considered as a kind of hospital of political invalids, especially distinguished, as it was, for its readiness to reverse all their decrees passed during a previous government. In 1816 Ségur was enrolled as a member of the newly organized Institute, and in 1824 he came before the public as the author of the *Mémoires*, which already in 1827 had reached a fourth edition. His entire works are comprised in thirty-three volumes, 8vo. His *History of France*, of which *nine* volumes are published, is still incomplete as it closes with the reign of Louis XI.

His *Universal History* (ten volumes, 8vo., with an Atlas in 4to), is an abridgment of ancient history down to the times of the lower empire. His other works are less important; and their interest has ceased. In all his writings a correct and brilliant style is seen united with sound reasoning and a clear intelligence; but they have no right to a place by the side of the brilliant writers of the new school of historians in France, nor do they properly belong to the literature of the present century. They bear the stamp of the period, when Marmontel and La Harpe were the literary oracles of France.

Having thus briefly sketched the history of the Ségur family, we proceed to notice some points in the life of him, who forms the proper subject of this memoir. GENERAL PHILIPPE COMTE DE SEGUR, author of the celebrated work on Napoleon's unfortunate Russian campaign, is the son of him last mentioned; and many points of his character bear a close resemblance to his father's. Like him he had sufficient tact to retain under Louis XVIII. the places and pensions which had been bestowed by the Emperor:—his military honours were, like his father's, won not in the camp but at court,—not by the

experience of battles lost and won but by the performance of civil functions which custom adorned with the gay dress of the military order. He was created an *adjudant du palais* in 1802 : and in 1806 he became a *maréchal des logis*, the functions of which unwarlike office he exercised in the campaign of 1812. On his return in 1813 he was appointed to the office of *gouverneur des pages*, and in the following year was charged with the organisation of a regiment of guards. This corps, however, can scarcely be said to have entered active service : but still their commanding officer had the opportunity, which he eagerly embraced, of being able to offer their attachment to Prince Talleyrand and Marshal Marmont, who were then meditating not the defence of France against its enemies, but the surrender of it to the allied armies and the Bourbons. The following report from the *Moniteur* of April 11th, 1814, contains this consistent politician's act of devotion to the Bourbons.

“ J'offre aujourd'hui mes seize cents gardes et moi au successeur, au descendant des rois de mes pères. Je lui jure fidélité au nom de mes officiers, de tous mes gardes, et en mon nom qui répond de mes sentiments.”

“ PHILIPPE DE SÉGUR.”

He no doubt forgot at the time his trifling obligations to Napoleon on the score of 24,000 francs freely given to him, and of the scarcely less profitable posts which he owed to the Emperor's favour.

With respect to Philippe de Ségur, as the author of the Russian campaign,—we cannot admit his military qualities to be such as to fit him for being the writer of a work of this kind. His situation did not furnish him with the necessary information ; and if he had consulted authorities more capable than himself, he would so have altered his work as to allow us little room for criticism. Those, besides, who are well acquainted with contemporary history will recognise in his writings a leaning to Russia rather than to France,—a prejudice not altogether unaccountable, when we recollect that his niece married the son of the celebrated Rostopchin. But we are surprised that M. de Ségur could have had the audacity to dedicate his *Philo-Russian* production—so falsely called a history—to the veterans who preferred death by cold and starvation to the alternative of surrendering themselves to the mercy of the Czar,—to men who would indignantly refuse all fellowship with the man whose sole apparent object was to blacken the character of Napoleon.

Two circumstances especially contributed to the success of the work,—the time at which it appeared and the style in which it is written. It was written at a time, when the abuse of Bonaparte was a sure road to court-favour and in a style distinguished for its preference of rhetorical embellishments to the sobriety of truth. Still it would be an act of injustice to deny that many passages throughout the work are worthy of the actors in this great and disastrous drama.

Our readers must not accuse us of presumption, if we endeavour to point out some parts of M. de Ségur's work, in which his par-

tiality for Russia has led him into error. In the opening chapter of the work, he asserts 'that the Emperor by the peace of Tilsit in 1807 compromised the honour and interest of Russia.' Now, if Napoleon erred in forming the articles of this treaty, it was in being too generous to Russia who had previously made no scruple of robbing her Austrian and Prussian allies in order to enlarge her own territory, and which in 1809, when she was in alliance with France had acted the dishonourable part of promising 100,000 men for the war against Austria and of sending only 30,000, who arrived too late to be of any service. Russia, indeed, needed not the conservative care of Napoleon, for no nation of Europe so well knew how to watch over its own interests, even to a degree that justice could not sanction. Enslaved Poland is a living proof of the delicate regard that the Czar pays to his interests and *his honour*.

But in the following chapter, the author says further:—'France alienated the feelings of the *masses* by its conquests and of *sovereigns* by its revolution and change of dynasty.' As for the feelings of the *masses*, the people generally, except in England, had a very small voice in determining the balance of international power:—and certainly the few gleams of liberal sentiment that flashed for a moment on the Continent are entirely attributable to the hints given by the *Code Napoleon*. As for the feelings of the European sovereigns,—they might have been unfavourable to the revolution; but it would have been an act of the greatest folly to repudiate the only man who could check the republican movement which made them totter on their thrones. In fact, those who attribute the gigantic wars of this period to a love of the Bourbons and to a personal hatred of Napoleon are entirely in error. The two real causes were as follows:—England asserted her entire sovereignty over the seas,—and France, against which all the ports of Europe were closed, strove to get some compensation by territorial acquisitions for the losses that it had sustained from the naval ambition of England. The advocates of the war between England and France were fond of justifying their own aggressions and of denying the right of the French to the possession of continental power at all:—but in the present day, when the interests of the two countries are firmly united and international policy is based on sound principles, such rabid anti-Gallicisms are only heard from the dotards of the olden time, who have lived long beyond their day, but have not the moral power to disabuse themselves of their ancient prejudices.

With respect to what M. de Ségur says, that the French were the aggressors in the war with Russia, we shall content ourselves with quoting the authority of M. Bouterlin, (aide-de-camp of the Emperor Alexander), who states most distinctly that for two years previously secret but active preparations had been going on for this war. The embarrassment of Napoleon in Spain was seized on as a fit opportunity for overthrowing his power; and the military movements of Russia began in 1810.

Omitting all mention of the many blunders which the author makes in speaking of Austria, and of his still grosser mistakes respecting

Napoleon's treatment of Prussia and only slightly alluding to his happy confusion of ideas in mistaking the talented Mirza Rizza who came on an Embassy from *Persia* to the French camp in April 1807, for the *Turkish* Ambassador Emir-Wahib-Effendi who visited headquarters several weeks after, and to the astonishing facility with which he gives the minutiae of events that occurred during his incarceration in a Russian prison,—we pass at once to the third Book of M. de Ségur's work, which represents Napoleon at Dresden surrounded by a retinue of courtiers among which were most of the crowned heads of Europe. That the hero of Austerlitz could have been so puerile as to sit in triumph in the midst of such courtiers merely for the vain desire of glory, it is scarcely possible to believe; and still less so, that the army which boasted of such a commander could be, what M. de Ségur wishes us to think, a band of depredators without either discipline or restraint. Still notwithstanding the numerous mistakes, improbabilities and contradictions to be found in a few pages of this book,—the third chapter contains an admirable picture of Napoleon at a review; and with such spirit is it written, that it is scarcely possible to avoid expressing a regret that the same enthusiasm does not more frequently breathe life into the author's pages. We shall attempt a translation.

' Napoleon on the 9th of May, 1812, reviewed several sections of his army, addressing his men in a lively, frank and often in a blunt style; for he was well aware that with these simple and hardy men bluntness passes for openness,—rudeness for pithiness,—assurance for nobleness,—and that the accomplishments and graces of the drawing-room were to them weakness and pusillanimity,—a strange language which they understood not and the accents of which excited their ridicule.

' As was his custom, he walked before the ranks. He knew well what campaigns each regiment had made with him: and as he stopped near the veterans of each, he familiarly addressed them and reminded them,—some of Marengo, some of Austerlitz, some of the Pyramids, and so on. The happy old soldiers thus recognized by the Emperor thus became the pride of their regiments and the objects of emulation to their younger comrades.

' But Napoleon, as he walked on, forgot not to notice the younger soldiers:—he evinced liveliest interest in their welfare, knew all their wants and asked if they were supplied. Did their captain attend to them,—was their pay regularly given to them,—in short had they need of any thing whatever? At length, walking to the centre of the regiment, he inquired into the number of vacancies and asked aloud who were the fittest men to fill them up, called to him those mentioned and questioned them on the length of their service, their campaigns, battles, and wounds; and then he appointed them officers and himself presented them to their respective companies. All these little attentions won the hearts of the soldiers; and they said among themselves, that this mighty Emperor who was able to decide the fate of nations still condescended to busy himself with the minutest details of his army, which constituted his ancient and true family.

Thus did Napoleon at once cause war, glory, and himself to be the object of his soldiers' love.*

The narrow space to which we must limit these remarks, compels us to pass over the contradictions and bombast which make up the contents of the fourth book; and so we pass on to the fifth, in which M. de Ségur tries hard to prove that the French army conquered the Russians in some encounters, only because those who had all the bravery on their side gave them permission. In what he says respecting Bonaparte's intentions to Poland, there is certainly a great mistake; for it is well known that he had taken all the measures necessary for the re-establishment of that kingdom, in case that his Russian campaign should be successful:—before the decision of that question he could take no active steps. In the sixth book, the author's account of the battle of Valontina convicts him at once of great partiality and of the grossest ignorance respecting the first principles of stratagy; and in the seventh, which conducts the army from Smolensk to the neighbourhood of Moscow, where was fought the memorable action of Borodino, we find every thing except what we should expect,—namely, the noble and vivid picture of the disasters of a great and until then a conquering army.

Having gone so far, we have not patience to proceed; but enough has been adduced by way of refutation, to shew that M. de Ségur's work is neither to be depended on for its facts nor for its impartiality. The author, who has met with so many panegyrists both in this country and in his own, needs not our praise for the real merits of his production; and so we have preferred, by pointing out a few of its fallacies, to benefit the great cause of history,—the basis of all sound political philosophy. The writer of this memoir is a member of no public party: he lived not under the *ancien régime*, nor has he sworn to uphold that order of things to which France is fast approaching; and therefore he is perfectly free to speak the truth concerning Napoleon, inasmuch as he neither regrets his government nor desires its return. That he was a perfect character in any point of view, it cannot be said; and it would be unjust to deny that *some* of his acts were marked by rapacity and oppression; but, on the other hand it may be boldly affirmed, that he possessed many of those great and ennobling features which enter into the composition of those illustrious beings whom providence sends only at long intervals to infuse life and action into the scene of human existence.*

* The authorities consulted in writing the above article are: 1. La Campagne de 1812,—par Bonterlin aide-de-camp de l'Empereur Alexandre. 2. Examen critique de l'histoire de M. de Ségur,—par le général Gourgaud, aide-de-camp de Napoleon. 3. Biographie des Contemporains. Biographie Universelle, &c.

THE TAILOR OF BRUMMELTON.

A **HAPPY** man was Jenkin Slops when the grey towers of his native town greeted his travelled and somewhat sleepy eyes ; when the broad arm of the sea, on the shores of which that town was built, once more shone in the distance, radiant with the rich tints of the setting sun, and he could see the wide-spread solar blaze piercing in a thousand forms and a thousand hues the woods that begirt the well-known spot. Not that Jenkin cared to the value of one button off his old snuff-coloured doublet, for grey towers, or for the wood burning with magic fires ; but he could not but be glad in his heart to be once more home, safe, and in anticipation of a rich harvest of gain.

He was proceeding leisurely by the side of a wild common, his features, though totally unused to such contortion, wrung into a kind of smile, when a thought struck him. Muttering "the day sinks fast, now is the time to ascertain that my goods are unsoiled before the night," he pushed on a short distance off the road, and then threw the rein over the neck of his old pony. This was a signal for a steady pause well understood between the pair, and Jenkin then proceeded full leisurely to dismount, like a man stiff, perhaps, both with years and toil, while his rough steed stooped her head and snuffed at a tuft of dusty grass.

Having made his own footing sure, Slops next unfastened a large bundle that was strapped on behind his saddle ; his private gear, in very minute compass, he carried in front. With twinkling eyes and trembling hands he opened this package, and drew forth its contents. First appeared a hat, in the handsomest fashion of the period ; its feathers next ; and, properly adjusted, they were placed on a neighbouring bush. Having taken the edge off his desire to see these treasures, Jenkin then produced a cloak, and next a vest—and then these and other matters each found a fitting site for display on some stunted tree or tall furze bush.

Jenkin Slops was both small and lean, and, though a caterer for the decoration of others, loved no manner of finery in his own proper person. He eschewed frill and collar as sheer debauchery, and body linen he held to be a privilege of his betters. His personals were compounded of leather and serge, fit materials both to form "sweet robes of durance ;" and Jenkin gave to each ample opportunity to manifest its virtues. Over his shoulders on the present occasion hung, or rather floated at the fitful pleasure of the evening breeze, a very short cloak, worn by service to the consistency of a cobweb ; and the general colour of his outer man in the mass was a dark yellow, a hue which aided the wing-like ornament of his shoulders in giving to the old creature the appearance of a half-fledged moth fluttering into life with the birth of night.

It had been all over with Jenkin Slops's reputation for sanity of mind had any person then passed by and seen the little grey-headed man running from bush to bush, that is to say, from doublet to cloak, and from cloak to hat, rubbing his long dry paws together, each fin-

ger embracing its cousin as it were in ecstasy, and hanging his head on this side and on that, trying the tints of his rich satins in the now faint beams of the departing day ; himself the puritan, or impuritan, in garb already described.

This same evening Jenkin Slops sat within the shelter of his own roof, lifted his own bowl to a capacious mouth, grasped a familiar blade—a peaceful one, reader, and rejoiced to sup once more off his own trenchers. Jenkin was not sentimental ; but one's own utensils come cheaper, and thence his gratification. The establishment of which Master Slops was the head attended on the old man,—a household consisting simply of his own daughter, and an old woman neither owned by him nor by any body else. Jenkin's loves in times gone by had been propitious, and Lucy, his only child, was as pretty a lass as any Brummelton could boast of. The old tailor was attached to her after a fashion, and it is due to him to record that his first proceeding on reaching his home had been tenderly to impress those rosy lips of hers with a kiss. It may be surmised, however, that any man having the privilege would have done as much. As for the old woman (the only other mortal item on the premises), she had from time immemorial swept up the crumbs from beneath Jenkin Slops's frugal board, and, moreover, done her best to live upon the said crumbs when so swept up ; for Jenkin did not pride himself upon pampering his servants. The woman's appearance afforded *spare* but sufficient evidence of her sparrow-like rations.

Slops, conning over in his mind how best to make known his return home, and rejoicing in the golden harvest that must naturally reward his enterprise, was not in a talkative mood. His petticoated companions might have made ample amends for this silence, but they somehow felt abashed at the brevity of his replies, and nothing was heard in the little circle save the efforts of the old man to overcome a peculiarly hard crust. The sound of heavy knuckles at the door, however, broke in upon the silence of the scene. Jenkin was unnerved, and the hard crust found its destination without further trouble on either side. The woman made an effort to attend the summons ; but Lucy, more brisk, and perhaps more interested, was half-way to the door before her elderly attendant had found her legs.

"It's clear enough who we have here," said Jenkin.

Family experience had taught the old man what might be expected in cases where young women take a sudden fancy for answering doors, and flutter to meet new comers half-way. It was Lucy's ever welcome suitor, a late apprentice of her father's, who doffed his best hat on the occasion. Andrew Holecote was a tall, well-formed youth, whom, in Lucy's opinion, it would have been a credit to any woman to possess. He had long been accepted at the hands of papa, by tacit allowance at least, as a match for the pretty daughter, and he was recognised as such by that same pretty daughter without any reserve whatever.

Andrew was not received with any extraordinary degree of warmth by the old man, who was already somewhat blinded by his anticipated gains ; but lovers, if they can but get a smile from their mistress, are marvellously careless about the looks of the rest of the

world ; and so for some time Holecote amused himself very innocently with a large loaf, the castellated ruins of a cheese, and his Lucy, never heeding the eyes of wonder which the father seemed to cast on him in the meanwhile.

Newly returned from that great city where such weighty matters, with many others, are fully debated, and whence they derive their laws, it was no wonder that the old man could not but gaze at the strange equipment of Master Andrew ; for in no one point was the outer Adam of that young gentleman in accordance with the dogmas of his revered master on this subject. For a tailor to aim at so much, and to be so much in fault, was grievous in the eyes of the old knight of the crossed-legs, so the latter forthwith attacked the youth on the matter.

"Andrew Holecote," said he, "where got ye that skrimped, ill-favoured cloak, and those egregious breeches? Are ye mad, my man? Who ever saw the like?" The young man was petrified. "You returned from London, Master Slops, and not to know that these traps be the fashion!"

"The fashion of a hundred years ago, lad, you mean."

"No, no, of the times, master! The mode of the day. There is nothing else worn in Brummelton, is there Lucy?" said Andrew, with full assurance of a corroborative reply.

"What! and that steeple hat?" demanded Slops.

"Call it what you will, that hat is in the newest style of the French capital," contended the apprentice.

"And dost pretend to tell me this," said Slops, beginning to fret; "me, who am just come home from our court itself? Know'st not where I have been?"

"Not exactly, Master Slops; I only know what has taken place in your absence. Never did such good luck fall out to any town as to ours!"

Thus spoke Andrew, whose opinion was an instance of the truth of the saying, that few find aught amiss with that stream which carries them on their own course. Andrew had benefited greatly by a recent occurrence, the events of which he, at Jenkin's desire, immediately narrated. Better acquainted, however, with particulars, we shall prefer our own version of the story.

The greater number of the inhabitants of Brummelton were walking on the beach one evening soon after Jenkin's departure from that town, refreshing themselves in the sea-breeze, and exerting their ingenuity in the endeavour to discover to what country the small vessel now making for their shores might belong; when, on a near approach, the uncommon "cut of her jib" (we presume the phrase is classically applied) and other tokens led the loungers to pay more particular attention to the stranger. Driving the dancing foam before her bows, the vessel neared. She entered the harbour, and for once the inhabitants of Brummelton had an incident whereon to ponder at their evening meal. The approach to the quay was attended with all the necessary bawling and disputing so much in vogue to the present day; the scene being seasoned with a few trifling oaths in a great many languages, much chucking of ropes from hand to hand,

and still more flinging of hard words from mouth to mouth ; and, after this, without further ceremony, two personages put themselves on shore.

The people of Brummelton were not in the habit of seeing passengers from beyond seas. So rare, indeed, was the occurrence, that many inhabitants, and those the eldest, and consequently the wiser, considered that the permission of the mayor should first have been obtained. But while this matter was debated, the said passengers, under the guidance of one of the crew, walked composedly across the broad quay, and, delving into some one of the narrow streets emerging therefrom, gradually disappeared.

While the safety of the commonweal had been the object of the anxious speculations of the older spectators, there were others, and not a few, whose imaginations were equally struck by the mere personal appearance of the visitors. Brummelton, like many other towns, piqued itself on the correctness of its costume ; that is to say, its members took an honest pride in the conformity between their habiliments and those most in vogue at the head-quarters of taste and fashion. Now, as the master of the *La Belle Gabrielle* came, or said that he came, from France, and moreover declared that his passengers were persons of distinction from the French capital, the Brummeltonian beaux were somewhat dismayed to find that their own "cut" was in a totally different style from that of these foreigners, who necessarily were in the right, being Frenchmen ; for Paris was even then rising, be it known, to her present pre-eminence in those *small arts*, of which she does well to make the most, and of which dress is one of the most eminent.

Andrew Holecote, who was but just out of his noviciate, was on the strand during this remarkable debarkation, and was one of the first to feel interest on the subject—we mean so far as his own profession was concerned. He remarked the impression that had been created, followed up a happy idea that arose in his mind, and pushed the matter so successfully, that before the next morning he became the happy possessor of the very garments which had attracted attention. These may appear trifling details, but they were not so to the men of Brummelton ; and this Holecote proved to his profit—for making the most of his acquisitions, and giving himself out as the only fashionable tailor in the town, he was already a flourishing man at the period, when, as we have seen, his old master, Jenkin Slops, returned home.

But there was this curious attendant circumstance, of which Holecote was by no means aware. The lugger, though of French build, and mostly manned from France, was in the Danish service, and the two persons who had landed were private envoys from their own to the court of St. James's ; though, for political reasons, they did not wish the truth to transpire. They accordingly announced themselves as Frenchmen, and left immediately for London :—the skipper stood to their story, of which few suspected the truth, and the members of the fashionable world of Brummelton casting away the graceful costume of the period (who cannot but admire the garb of the time of the second Charles?) hastened to equip their forms in the style of the Danish envoys. Unhappy hour ! Misguided dandies ! Fashions

travel northward, and Copenhagen, for its sins, then rejoiced in the grotesque costume affected by the Hollanders of half a century previously; a style which naturally took its origin in the character and necessities of the country. The great object of a Dutchman was to keep his head above water in his all but submarine territory; to float is the one thing needful, consequently he clothed himself into the closest approximation to the form of a *buoy*, prodigious about the centre of gravity, and tapering towards both ends. But when their life-preserving inexpressibles passed into Denmark, and from thence, as we have seen, came over even to Brummelton, the fashion had lost its utility, and consequently its *only* beauty. No wonder then that old Slops had been wonder-struck with the guise of his *ci devant* apprentice.

As Andrew told his story, Jenkin chuckled to think how soon he would set all this to rights, though his pleasure was somewhat embittered to think that so much lucrative business had been done without his participation. When the tale was ended, he gave manifest signs of being tired of his company; so the young man took his hat and his leave.

"Good night, Lucy. Father-in-law, a comfortable sleep to ye."

Jenkin shuffled after his apprentice into the street, and told him very coolly that, if they met again, he, Andrew, need not address him any more as father-in-law, for it was time that all that nonsense should be forgotten.

"Surely, Master Slops, you would not forget old times," stammered out poor Andrew, hardly comprehending the drift of the old man's observation.

"What are old times to me, Andrew, lad? we are now independent of each other—so go, in the devil's name, and make the most of your good fortune. As for Lucy, I have other views for her."

Andrew raised his arm convulsively, with an action that threatened serious consequences had it been any other man who had spoken to the same effect; and at the same moment, having said his say, the self-deceived little tailor closed the conference by pushing the door hard in his face.

Slops had what tradesmen call "a front" to his premises—albeit, not so broad and strong a "front" as is usually possessed by traders of the times present. Slops's shop was for all the world like one of our cobbler's stalls—broader, but not an inch higher; two steps downwards brought visitors into the sanctuary. From the porch of the door sprouted forth a huge sign-board that swung, and wheezed, and chattered—attracted the attention, and knocked the heads of passers-by after a fashion, that even to imagine would edify the heart of a tradeless shopkeeper of the present day. Well, on the morning after his return, and betimes, the old tailor had displayed his finery in this same "front," and seating himself after the fashion of his tribe on a board erected behind a curtain in the immediate vicinity of the window, he set to work to watch for customers, darning up the gaps in the time by repairing certain other gaps wrought by travel in his own apparel. Never did old Izaak of the *Lea*, or the keenest sportsman of them all, taste of more exquisite excitement than fell to the

lot of our enterprising tailor as he eyed *his* baits. He could peer over and through his old green screen like an angler from the midst of flag or osier.

At an early hour things looked well ; poor working men, the humble gudgeons of society, swimming with the stream of the street, though too small (in purse) to think even of nibbling at what called for larger gills than their's, hung about, and admired with all their eyes. But Jenkin did not lay himself out for small fry like these, so no disappointment ensued, as, one after another, they all walked on-wards. As the day advanced, however, Slops was surprised to find, that though many paused to criticise his goods, no one entered to order the like ; and among these passers-by the old man recognised no few of the greater folks of the town. " They will go home and think of it, and come to-morrow," said he. But to-morrow came, and not so his expected customers ; so Slops worked half the night with pen and with ink, with aching hand and tingling eyes, and on the third day appeared an announcement, in large letters and in small, full cunningly displayed, to the effect that he, Jenkin Slops, with the utmost deference to his worthy masters the nobility and gentry of Brummelton, prayed and beseeched such of them as might propose to avail themselves of the fashions which he, at enormous expense and great personal risk, had imported from London, to hasten and give their commands immediately, seeing that he, their humble servant to command, was already so overwhelmed with business that another day's delay might prove fatal. And hereto he added a postscript, setting forth, that having made recent and important additions to his establishment, he would be able to meet the wishes of any gentleman as to time. From this document it would appear that to this day we have made but little progress in the art of *puffing*. A broad hint at the beginning of Slops's memorial about the "Crisis," and a flourish at the end, touching a "dreadful sacrifice," would place it on a par with any similar effusion of the mercantile Muse of our own times.

" This will do the business, or the devil's in it !" said Jenkin. But the elderly gentleman alluded to *was* in it, in the shape of the Danish skipper, who had made believe that his Danebrog passengers were neither more nor less than French counts, or chevaliers at least ; and Slops had the mortification, from the 'vantage-ground where he sat, cross-legged, and sufficiently cross-minded, behind the green veil, to hear sundry remarks which satisfied him that his fellow-townsmen of Brummelton affected to wonder at his impertinence. " Old Remnant," said they, " after hiding himself for half the summer, brings himself back, and tries to persuade us that *these* are the fashions of London. The old impostor ! he is cutting the wrong way of the cloth now, however ; for every body knows that our 'cut' is already in the most approved style of the court of the Louvre." " Misguided wretches !" ejaculated Slops, as the men in blue stockings and close-laced boots went on their way, rejoicing in their erroneous full-bottomed yellow inexpressibles, peppered all over with buttons, their hungry-looking cloaks, and tall sugar-loaf hats.

That this sort of thing could not last for ever was the firm belief of Jenkin Slops. He held fast by faith in the influence of the true

fashion, and devoutly believed that good taste, like other elements, would ultimately find its proper level. But facts and events do not always conform themselves to people's belief and expectancies, and our unfortunate tailor found that day after day wore away without bringing any change for the better. Jenkin was a disappointed man. He had spent his little fund of cash in his speculative visit to the great city, and could not afford to live till people came to their senses—perhaps the most wearisome and laggard period for which a man can wait. As a death-blow to his hopes, it was evident that short cloaks and sugar-loaf hats were becoming more the rage every day, and from his lowly retreat he could see detestable long yellow legs crossing and recrossing each other every instant in the street. Men, too, began to say, that young Andrew Holecote, a general dealer in these, with other fashionable garments, was making a rapid fortune. This was a bitter reflection to Andrew's late master, and did but little to sweeten the poor food with which that person was now obliged to be daily satisfied at even-tide—an hour at which he would sit alone and think of the short time since, when, in his pride of heart and expectancy, he had rejected the young man from his doors. He at least from that time had heard no more of Holecote. Then, in his servile rage, would he curse the harsh crust which his parched jaws could barely moisten, and would fling it from him like a child, and weep.

Lucy was away from home, and was spared the desolation of her father's house. Desolate was it, indeed, and lonely. Jenkin could not feed the grey pony any longer, so the grey pony was sold to feed Jenkin. The old woman, formerly an apology for a human being on the premises, had disappeared. She could afford no further diminution in her rations, and vanished—perhaps to die in solitude, like the aged cat from a warm hearth—not that *her* hearth had ever been a sunny spot.

Slops was thus left alone in his misery. Times were not then as they are now; he knew full well, that he might wait long enough before any enlightenment of their error could break in upon his neighbours from the head-quarters of fashion—London. He must take a decisive part.

"Master," said one of Holecote's apprentices to that flourishing young man one morning, "here's a new hand, though an old man, who has come asking for employment. I think I have seen his face before, but where I can't say."

Andrew wanted workmen. He laid down his shears, and went out to see the applicant. It was Jenkin Slops. Holecote received him civilly, though but few words passed between them, for Jenkin was not abject, and the interview ended in the master taking his station in proud humility in the service of his apprentice.

"Is it come to this, Master Slops?" said Holecote, when the day's labour was over, and, after hanging about with inquietude, Jenkin at last asked for payment of his few hours' industry. "Is it come to this, or has curiosity brought you hither?"

"No, not curiosity, Andrew—Master Holecote, I should say—but want—starvation! Yours is the good trade—mine is naught. Look at me. Do I not wear the appearance of a ruined man?"

There never had been any thing particularly thriving in the aspect of old Slops, so Andrew could have guessed but little from mere looks. He said nothing, therefore, in reply ; but counting down to the old man his day's wages, and the like sum for the morrow, to ensure, as he observed with a smile, his services for the next day, he bid Jenkin to cheer up, and wait the turning of the tide.

Slops was subdued by the money in advance. This was a kindness he could not comprehend. It was more than human. He was weak and ill, or he could have found in his heart playfully to chide at the young spendthrift. But he took up the money and his hat, and slowly moved towards the door.

"There is no small degree of malicious craft," says Sterne, "in fixing upon a season to give a mark of enmity and ill-will : a word which at one time would make no impression, at another time wounds the heart ; and, like a shaft flying with the wind, pierces deep, which with its own natural force would scarce have reached the object aimed at." Think not we have to record any such malicious craft on the part of Holecote. His willingness was this,—he chose his time when the "word," the "look" of kindness were likely to heal the wounds of a saddened spirit. He observed his old friend making for the door—so, springing towards him, and lifting to him the latch, observed, "Well, then, *father-in-law*, we shall meet again?"

"He calls me father-in-law still," thought Jenkin. He did not reply, however, but, laying his hands on Andrew's shoulder for half a minute, he acknowledged in silence this kind appeal on the part of his apprentice. Then putting his stick to the ground with a bolder stroke than usual, and pushing forwards with strides twice the length of his ordinary efforts, the reformed tailor reached home before he well knew where he was.

The sequel may easily be imagined. On Lucy's return home her marriage with Andrew Holecote met with no further obstacle from her father ; and the same day that saw this union of affection witnessed an union of interests between old Jenkin Slops and the young bridegroom. They thenceforward traded under one firm, and though the old man was outwitted by the younger and more wealthy partner, he was no sufferer in the long run, for fashions change. By degrees the truth came out about the Danish deception, and then every body flocked to the true faith, for which the oldman, as we have seen, had been a pilgrim to the metropolis. Lucy lost no time in bringing new partners into the house, to the rare delight of the "heads" of the same ; and for many years the house of Slops and Holecote enjoyed a Stultzian fortune and reputation in all the country round.*

EGOMET.

* Should the reader entertain any doubts as to the truth of this little history, he may read the following *morceau* from Horace Walpole, which proves one of two things, either that that philosophical frippier must have been familiar with it, or that we borrowed the idea from him, *chose incroyable!* "Remember, every body that comes from abroad is *censé* to come from France ; and whatever they wear at their first appearance immediately grows the fashion. Now if, as is very likely, you should through inadvertence change hats with a master of a Dutch smack, O * * * will be upon the watch, will conclude you took your pattern from M. de Bareil, and in a week's time we shall all be equipped like Dutch skippers. You see I speak very disinterestedly ; for, as I never wear a hat myself, it is indifferent to me what sort of hat I don't wear."—*Letter to the Hon. H. S. Conway.*

LUCY AUSTIN.

TOWARDS the close of the autumn of 1825 I was solicited to officiate as bridesman at the marriage of Herman Leader, a quondam school-fellow, who had just returned to his seat near Southam in Warwickshire from a continental tour, in company with a young lady whom he had met abroad under singular circumstances, and was about to marry.

He received me at the lodge-gate, dressed in a shooting costume, having promised to accompany a friend over his grounds for an hour or two. By his side was a small pointer, named Whip, that had formerly belonged to me, but which I had presented to Leader immediately previous to his commencing his travels. It struck me as singular, that the animal did not instantly recognise me; and, stooping down to pat him on the back, I cried out, as one would address a dog, "What, Whip! mine ancient, forget your old master?" But Whip received my endearments with an attempt at a bite, which I was silly enough to resent by a somewhat vigorous kick that drove him growling behind Leader. As we proceeded to the house I observed Whip had lost all his former vivacity, and when I learned from my friend that symptoms of illness had been apparent in the dog's refusal of food for a couple of days back, I felt rather ashamed of my violence. As, however, he refused another proffered renewal of acquaintanceship, unequivocally as before, I took no further notice of him, but went to my chamber for the purpose of removing from my person the indications of a long night journey.

I soon rejoined Leader in the library, whither he had ordered refreshments to be conveyed, and where I likewise found Whip ensconced beneath the table. While I partook of some food, we talked over old matters, as friends usually do after a protracted separation, and presently came to the object of my visit. The details of his courtship would form a very singular episode, but would be much too lengthy for this brief narrative. Be it sufficient, therefore, to say, that Lucy Austin, the lady in question, and her mother, were then inmates of his house; and although the whole affair was characterized by more romance than is usually mixed up with love in the nineteenth century, it was altogether untinged with any thing the most fastidious could object to on the score of morality. Just as he had finished recounting the particulars, Lucy entered from the garden. Beauty, I had always set it down in my mind, should be a distinguished attribute in the wife of Leader; but for loveliness such as I now beheld I was altogether unprepared. To say she was the most beautiful being I ever saw would be to say much, for I have seen much beauty in England and elsewhere in my time; but so perfect an amalgamation of dignity and simplicity I never witnessed in any other woman. She approached noiselessly and gracefully, and acknowledged her intended husband's introduction of his oldest and most esteemed friend with all the warmth of sincere intimacy. In a short time we were on the best possible terms, engaged in discussing the proceedings of a celebrated countryman, with whom Leader had

an interview while in Italy. My friend was seated in the middle of a sofa, and I beside him, while, on the other side, Lucy, with her arm through his, occasionally participated in the conversation with a naïveté in exact accordance with the opinion I had formed of her from the first moment. As we were thus occupied, a small Italian greyhound belonging to Miss Austin came frisking into the room; but not succeeding in attracting its mistress's attention, it commenced a series of gambols round Whip, who still lay dozing under the table. The sportiveness of the intruder however was quickly moderated by receiving from Whip a nip in the face, from which the blood flowed rather copiously; and Lucy, distressed for her pet, left the room to procure the assistance of the servants. My former grudge towards the cause of the accident was revived; and I was about to punish him when a messenger announced that the gentleman with whom Leader had engaged to shoot was in attendance. "Presently," said he, taking his gun and whistling to Whip, who slowly obeyed the call. "Dinner at six, Ned; shall be back at five; Lucy, and your own ingenuity must find you amusement in the mean time;" and so saying he shook me by the hand, smiled, and left the room.

On his departure I felt a sort of melancholy excitement I could not account for. The day was oppressively hot—one of those gloomy sultry days indicative of thunder-storms, when all nature seems like a wearied man seeking in vain for repose. With an irksomeness befitting the occasion, I strolled into the garden, and thence into a small burial-ground attached to a diminutive church just by. Here I commenced a desultory perusal of the epitaphs of the "rude forefathers of the hamlet." When I had thus consumed an hour or so, I seated myself on a tombstone, and began to admire the extreme beauty of the site of my friend's mansion, and of the little temple of God. The latter was situate upon a gentle acclivity, as most old country churches are, while the ground appropriated to the remains of the simple villagers ran quite down to the edge of a picturesque and at this place no inconsiderable stream. Willows, weeping-ash, and other trees of a larger growth were tastefully scattered over the ground, and by the water's side formed an avenue above all places I ever saw befitting "the luxury of woe." Rooks cawed ceaselessly from a neighbouring grove of giant elms. The scarce perceptible breath of heaven whispered moaningly through the profuse ivy with which the church was covered; and, added to the hoarse roar of two distant falls of the river over ledges of rock, and the drowsy hum of a flour mill, begat a feeling of luxurious lethargy deliciously congenial to the speculative mood in which I was. My reverie was somewhat abruptly disturbed by a light joyous laugh, such only as youth and innocence could give. I turned, and at about twenty yards from me saw Miss Austin standing on a rustic bridge of graceful and elegant proportions, that crossed the stream in a single span. On either side a hand-rail afforded the passenger a hold, and in the middle some two or three feet of the rail could be removed at pleasure, so as to admit of the bridge being swung round in half to allow of boats carrying sails to pass—boating by the way being one of Leader's favourite pastimes.

"Four o'clock, four o'clock, Mr. —," said the beauteous girl,

"and I have been looking for you since two. What will Herman say when he hears of my rudeness in neglecting you so?"

I stammered out something about my own forgetfulness and the heat of the day, and requested that I might be permitted to join her on the bridge, so as to avail myself of her experience in viewing the landscape. She assented, but pointed out what I had not before observed, that to reach the bridge it would be necessary to re-cross the burial-ground, garden, and library. She proposed, however, to meet me mid-way; but I, of course, objected. By this time we became aware, that for conversation our relative positions could not be improved; and so we continued talking for about twenty minutes. Availing herself of a pause in our colloquy, she turned towards the left, and after a moment's elapse exclaimed joyfully, "Oh, Herman! here's Herman!"

What in the name of all that is mysterious and inscrutable could have instigated me I know not; but hardly had the words of the fair speaker reached me when I cried out anxiously, "Is Whip with him?" By her manner, when she first spoke of Leader's coming, I knew that he must have been at some distance, and was therefore prepared for a brief delay in her answer; but it appeared to me hours of wretchedness before she replied, eagerly looking at me, "Why do you ask so?"

I heeded her not. A dreadful thought shot through my brain. A sun-stroke seemed to have smitten me, and the next instant I felt as if plunged into an ice-bath. Burying my face in my hands, as if to shut out the horrid phantasm I had conjured up, I remained absorbed in the hell of my too prophetic imagination, until the loud hilarious laugh of Leader, redolent of gaiety and enjoyment, rang on my ears like the welcomed reprieve to a felon at the gallows' foot. I looked up, and saw Leader on the opposite side of the water within about a hundred yards of the bridge. He was calling to Lucy, and playfully reproaching her with her inability to be audible at the distance he then was. When he saw me he inquired, if I were ill; but before I could answer he made some witty remark on a swan that was pursuing a goose, and laughed at his own smartness. Lucy looked upon him and laughed, because she saw him pleased; and I too would have laughed, but could not.

As his mirth subsided, a confused sound, as if of many voices shouting in the distance, became faintly audible. I shuddered, without being conscious of a reason for doing so. Again the sounds were borne more distinctly on the breeze, and I became faint with emotion.

"Hush!" said Lucy, at the instant affording a vivid tableau of Rebecca at the turret in the castle scene in *Ivanhoe*—one arm stretched towards me as if to arrest the observation she saw upon my lips, and the other extended in the direction of the noise.

"Hark!"—said Leader, dropping his fowling-piece from its rest upon his arm to the ground.

A few minutes' silence intervened, when Lucy, whose situation upon the bridge enabled her to see much farther than my friend or myself, again resumed,—“Why, they are hunting a poor dog!”

"Whip! Whip!" groaned I with all the vehemence of a dreamer who sees his vision realized.

"Whip, I'll swear," said Leader, preparing to rush to the rescue of his favourite.

"Leader, for God's sake refrain :—you're mad!" exclaimed I in despair; and hardly had he turned to learn the reason of so uncourteous an appeal, when the cry of "Mad dog! Mad dog!" resounded on all sides. Right opposite to the spot in which I stood, and full in the view of Lucy and Leader, Whip, in all the frightful hideousness of canine madness, came rushing on, followed by some fifteen or twenty men and boys armed in divers manners, and all bellowing out the fearful cry. Whip took to the side of the river with much speed, and ran for the length of some two hundred paces; but suddenly he made directly to where Leader stood—all his late pursuers becoming the pursued the moment he turned. Leader seemed completely incapable of moving to the right or to the left as Whip raised his sluggish glazed eyes and foaming mouth within a dozen yards of him. For a moment the infuriated creature paused, probably instigated by a passing glimmering of recollection; and as he was about to bound forward I screamed out, half delirious with horror, "Fire, Leader—fire!"

He did so, and missed; but the flash and noise scared Whip, who betook himself for the bridge with redoubled speed. The moment Leader saw in which direction the danger lay all his apathy at once forsook him, and with amazing velocity he reached the object of his pursuit just time enough to strike him from the steps with a violent kick on the head. While stunned, he endeavoured to grasp him by the throat, but the maddened brute bit him. Had a musket bullet entered his heart he could not have been apparently more paralyzed, while Whip for an instant looked upon him as if touched with remorse and again attempted to regain the bridge. Again was every fibre in Leader's frame strung with its former vigour, and he fled after the dog incredibly fast; but the cursed game outstripped the hunter. Already had the untired animal begun to ascend the steps connected with the bridge, in the middle of which Lucy continued to stand, as I first mentioned, but with the moveable portion of the rail swung from her. I thought she was beside herself with terror, for she had not attempted to escape, and escape was now out of the question. The conviction of my total impotency, from the position in which I was, rendered me almost frantic. Whip was not ten feet from her, and Leader was about as many yards from him, with his gun raised ready to strike if a chance offered. I had abandoned all hope. Nothing but a miracle could save her, when Leader screamed out in a voice almost unearthly from intense emotion, "Leap, Lucy, leap! For the love of heaven, leap!"

She seemed as if in readiness for the command, and in a second was in the stream, Whip and she reaching the water almost simultaneously. Now came the moment for me to exert myself. The imminence of her peril, and the consciousness that I might be of utility, completely restored my self-possession. Had I plunged in at the instant, I should have had to swim against the current, and

so perceiving that her garments would keep her from sinking for a brief interval, I waited until she was borne just opposite to where I stood, when, without much difficulty, I succeeded in conveying her to the shore.

The shouts of the men pursuing the dog had reached the house and attracted the domestics and Mrs. Austin, into whose care I resigned the lifeless form of her daughter. When I looked again upon the stream I saw the shattered remains of the cause of all the confusion floating past, having been dispatched with stones by his hunters. My eyes in vain sought Herman. I had expected that he would have plunged after Lucy, nor was I sure that he had not, only I did not recollect his having done so, while I remained on the bank; and if he did while I was in the water, I could not conceive what had become of him since. He surely could not have sunk, as there was abundant assistance within his immediate reach. I could not seek him on the opposite side of the stream without re-crossing the bridge (for which purpose I should have had to go through the house), or again swimming. The former I would not do on account of the time it would require, and the latter I dreaded owing to the exhaustion attendant on my late exertions. However, my fears for his safety quickly became as vivid as my feelings on the score of Lucy had been a few minutes before, and excitement banishing every thought of self-preservation, I rushed headlong into the river. Though a first-rate swimmer, I had hardly reached the surface, before I was convinced of the almost impossibility of gaining the other side. My feet had become swollen in my boots; my clothes, quite saturated, clung to my limbs, and my muscles were almost powerless as in infancy; nevertheless a thought never crossed my mind of returning. I struck out with all the vigour I could summon, but the distance between me and the opposite bank seemed to become no less. My God! thought I, surely my sight mocks my judgment; a hundred strokes should bring me across. I closed my eyes for a desperate effort, and resolved not to open them until I should have accomplished my purpose. Suddenly I became conscious of making way with much increased velocity. This urged me to put forth all my remaining strength, and I advanced with a rapidity that seemed to me almost incalculable. When I had made about fifty strokes, as accurately as I could guess, my breath failed; my feet appeared to be expanding to an enormous size, accompanied with intense heat in the soles and extreme pain as far as the instep. Still I kept my eyelids firmly compressed, and continued to strike out with desperation. The heat and pain in the feet now extended to my knees, and I was no longer capable of using my legs further. At this moment I opened my eyes, and the utter hopelessness of my situation burst upon me in a glance. I was not even in the middle of the stream. I had been swimming with the current, not across it. My brain grew dizzy; my sight failed; the noise of a thousand cataracts was in my ears; death knocked at my heart, and I felt as if mountains were piled on top of me. Still oblivion did not rob me of all conviction of existence. 'Twas as if I were contending with some horrid night-mare—*feeling* that I lived, and *thinking* I had no claims to vitality. How long this dreadful sensation continued, I

had no means of ascertaining, but I felt the dazzling light of day streaming into my eyes, as if it were molten gold; and the pain it gave me made me cry out, or at least attempt to do so, for I could not hear my own voice. But I soon heard my name pronounced in other accents, and, looking up, recognised Leader bending over me; and again my senses swam in confusion and all things became more indistinct than before.

When at length consciousness was fully restored, I learned that my unfortunate friend had swooned as soon as he saw Lucy spring from the bridge. The first conviction he had of his faculties returning was the hearing of cries of distress; when running to the water's edge he beheld me in the act of sinking. In a moment the dreadful thought that Lucy had perished smote him, nor was it until I had risen a second time to the surface that he had sufficient presence of mind to leap to my assistance. Fortunately I had imbibed so much water, and my strength was so utterly prostrated before I sunk, that I lay motionless in his hold, for had I sufficient power to grapple him, as drowning men do, both our lives had been lost, as he was barely enabled to support me to the shore. Having deposited me among some sedges, one of the men who had been pursuing Whip came up, and, procuring some of his companions, carried me into the house, where, on the usual restoratives being applied, I was not long in awaking to misery.

Ascertaining that Lucy was doing well, and leaving me to the care of an attendant, Leader went to change his dress. I expected him back in half an hour at farthest; but more than twice that time having elapsed without his return, I grew wretched with indefinable apprehensions of some impending calamity. Another half-hour passed, and I rose from bed determined to leave nothing undone to avert what I scarce dared trust myself with surmising. I almost fainted the instant my eyes rested on my figure in the looking-glass. Some half-dozen spots of blood were on my face, and how they came there I but too well guessed. Amidst all the confusion and danger consequent upon Lucy's preservation and my own subsequent peril, the fact of Leader having been bitten by Whip floated in my mind like the remembrance of a disagreeable dream; but the sight in the glass recalled the circumstances in all their fearful minuteness. Steadying my nerves (which were deplorably shattered) with a large draught of brandy, I despatched an express to Warwick for two surgeons, and proceeded to Leader's bed-room. I found him upon a sofa, absorbed in thought, his injured hand extended from him, and his eyes fixed vacantly on the floor. I affected to treat the matter lightly, assuring him, that if taken in time it would be attended with nothing serious; but he dissented from my observations abruptly. It appeared that an uncle of his had died from a similar accident, and to all my admonitions and suggestions his only answer was, "It's no use, Ned, no use; uncle Fred died of it." The idea possessed him that there was a fatality in the occurrence, and to that idea he adhered with all the pertinacity of a fatalist. An irresistible torpor overpowered his faculties, and though he made no effort to shake it off, it was to me but too evident that the attempt would have been useless. My perseverance,

however, was so far successful that he agreed to admit the surgeons when they arrived,—a proceeding to which he at first offered a determined opposition.

The wound was of a depth and extent all but incredible when the size of the dog was considered, and was among the tendons of the wrist, which prevented excision—a mode of treatment without which neither of the surgeons would guarantee his safety. Excision and amputation were synonymous in this case, though the former, being the milder phrase, was at first used, until Leader inquiring what was to become of his hand if the sinews of the wrist were to be cut away, they were obliged to admit that the arm should be removed from above the site of the injury. To be maimed for life was so repugnant to my unfortunate friend's feelings, that he vehemently protested against the adoption of any remedial measures whatever; and it was not, until I declared with all the violence I could command that I would have him tied down and treated as a lunatic, that he agreed to submit to any treatment—provided his arm was not destroyed. The wound was then subjected to ablution from a garden watering-pot, held at arm's length, and then cauterized as effectively as possible.

On the surgeons' departure Leader's melancholy grew deeper and deeper. All my efforts to imbue him with any thing like hope were unavailing. Reason and raillery were alike fruitless. "It's no use, Ned; uncle Fred died of it," was his eternal response to all my argumentation. To disabuse himself of the conviction that his days were numbered he declared his entire inability, and entreated me to forego any more remonstrance on that head. I then saw him to bed, and took my leave for the night.

When I reached my chamber I knew that sleep would not quickly visit my pillow; and, throwing open the window, I drew a chair and fell into a reverie on the occurrences of the day. The train of my reflections was abruptly disconnected by feeling something moving against my legs; and looking down I perceived Miss Austin's little hound, which had entered unobserved. It commenced gamboling about, and I unconsciously caressed it; until, encouraged by my familiarity, it emitted a sharp playful bark. The sound in an instant brought the circumstance in the library to my mind; and the poor little animal immediately became not only disagreeable, but positively frightful to my disordered imagination. Leaping on the chair, and grasping the candlestick, I hallooed out, and motioned to the dog to leave the room; but, thinking that I was merely continuing the sport in a different way, he became more boisterously frisky, barking and jumping as though he were possessed. My apprehensions now amounted to absolute horror; the diminutive thing appeared to have grown to the size of a calf, and its sportiveness was to me the ferocity of a tiger. I was on the point of precipitating myself from the window, when the hound jumped on the chair, which caused me to shift my position so suddenly that I lost my balance and fell heavily on the floor. This caused the dog to redouble its gaiety. It bounded again and again over my prostrate body, playing all manner of antics, and capering round the apartment, barking incessantly, while I struck out my legs to keep it from approaching me. Terror was fast un-

seating reason when the footman entered, and to him the object of my dread transferred its unwelcome mirthfulness while I rose from the ground. He had been an old domestic in the family of Leader's father, and knowing that I could rely upon his discretion I communicated to him the story of the calamity that had befallen his young master, and also the reason of my apprehension of Miss Austin's hound.

The result of this conversation was that Louis and myself set out with the dog in a basket for a small village about two miles distant. We there instituted inquiries respecting Whip, who had been with Leader in the morning, and ascertained that he was left in consequence of being unable to accompany his master home owing to a species of drowsiness that had seized him, and that after Leader's departure, Whip being teased by some urchins, ran out into the street, when the cry of "Mad dog" was raised, and the sequel has been already told. Louis's object in making these inquiries was to learn, if there were any real grounds for believing in Whip's madness, and from all we could collect there was but little reason for such supposition. However, I was by no means satisfied; for, from the appearance of Whip when making for the bridge, I felt persuaded that he was mad. I told Louis that such was my conviction, and we then proceeded to a dog-fancier named Jackson, who lived about half a mile the other side of the village, and to whom we gave the hound, with instructions to watch for any symptoms that might confirm my fears, and to bring me intelligence unknown to any person with the exception of Louis.

Being anxious to ascertain whether Lucy was aware of Leader's danger, and yet fearful of awakening her apprehensions if she were ignorant, I sent Louis to Mrs. Austin to beg that she would grant me an interview before she retired to rest. A few minutes convinced me that myself and Louis were alone cognizant of the melancholy secret. How to account for Lucy's not having seen the dog inflict the wound on Leader I know not; for she was nearer to him by several yards than I was. Indeed, she appeared to have so very indistinct a recollection of the whole transaction on the bridge that I could not conceive how she was enabled to comprehend Leader's exclamation to leap into the stream. Having acquainted Mrs. Austin that I had removed the hound to Jackson's for a few days, but without giving her the correct reason for so doing, I took my leave and proceeded to bed.

(To be continued.)

SPECIMENS OF FRENCH POETRY.

SONG.

GENIUS of France! If still thy wing
O'er Gallia's lands auspicious soar,
Peace to a wearied nation bring,
And let the war-note sound no more.
The boist'rous passions of the soul
Keep thou beneath a stern control,
And calm tranquillity restore;
Repel the surge of civil strife,
Stop the sad waste of human life,
And banish discord from thy shore.

Let not the great despise the low,
The sufferer be more opprest;
Bid monarchs spare their subjects woe,
Nor deeper wound the bleeding breast;
Cast down the gibbet, dry the tears
Of orphans, and in future years
Thy guardian bounty will be blest;
So that amid the dreams of night
No horrors fill us with affright,
Nor wake us from a tranquil rest.

VICTOR HUGO.

HYMN.

AROUND the tombs of them that fell
Their country's rights to save,
The songs of crowds admiring swell
To eulogise the brave.
The patriot's fame will never die;
The land for which he bled
Shall cradle it eternally,
And venerate the dead.

CHORUS.

Glory to thee, immortal France!
Hail! those who fell for her!
And welcome all that now advance
To seek a patriot's sepulchre.

The morning beams of Phœbus shine
Upon the lofty dome
That stands above the sacred shrine
Where heroes found a tomb.
Far o'er the city's turrets high
That glitt'ring dome appears;
Saint Genevieve unto the sky
Her tow'ring summit rears.

Specimens of French Poetry.

CHORUS.

Glory to thee, eternal France!
 Hail! those who fell for her!
 And welcome all that now advance
 To seek a patriot's sepulchre.

'Tis thus that those whose bones are laid
 Within that sacred fane,
 'Tis thus, in glorious garb array'd,
 Their memories remain.
 Each day with them will rise more bright,
 Each day their deeds are told;
 Their names amid the clouds of night
 Can never be enrolled.

CHORUS.

Glory to thee, immortal France!
 Hail! those who fell for her!
 And welcome all that now advance
 To seek a patriot's sepulchre.

VICTOR HUGO.

LINES.

ALONE, beneath the tower whence issue forth
 The mandates of the tyrant of the north,
 Poland's sad Genius sits, absorb'd in tears,
 Her bosom heaving with a thousand fears;
 Wearied, cast down, and shatter'd by distress,
 The tomb alone can end her wretchedness.

Alas! the crucifix is all that's left
 To her, of freedom and her sons bereft;
 And on her training robe the marks are seen
 Where Russian armies' scornful foot has been.
 Anon she hears the sounds of clanking arms—
 The foemen come once more to spread alarms;
 And while she weeps against that fortress' wall,
 And while fresh horrors ev'ry sense appal,
 To France she slowly turns her glazing eye,
 And humbly seeks for succour ere she die.

VICTOR HUGO.

SONG.

WHEN the ray of morning beams
 On the groves and on the streams,
 Hasten, hasten, lovely maids,
 To the deep and peaceful shades:
 There desire your hearts to tell
 If they still be sensible!
 Then, as aspens round you quiver,
 And as flows the rippling river,
 Pour forth your souls in thankful prayer
 To Nature, as ye linger there.

If the bosom of the grove,
 Mystic grotto formed for love,
 Fail to please your icy hearts,
 Cease then your seductive arts!
 If for you the evening fine
 Boast no more a charm divine,
 Charms that ravish me as yet,
 Then the name of love forget;
 Nor let your lips be ever heard
 To utter that bewitching word!

AMABLE BOULANGER.

ODE,

On the Execution of the Assassin Fieschi.

THE dread assassin is no more,
 His life has pass'd away,
 And few his destiny deplore,
 And none will shed a tear-drop o'er
 His decomposing clay.
 Fiend—from his breast were banished all
 The pure ideas of heav'n;
 And, to ensure the victim's fall,
 The thoughts of hell were giv'n!
 Strange sentiment of human pride,
 That made the wretch a homicide!

Methought on earth was ne'er a bosom,
 Where, 'midst its evil intertwined,
 There bloom'd no one unsullied blossom,
 No gentle feeling of the mind,
 By which the passions are refin'd,
 And robb'd of half their native wildness.
 Through this one single gleam of mildness,
 Thus sun-lights o'er a battle shed
 Their rays to gild the carnage dread.
 Where jealousy, ambition, guile,
 Hate, envy, ruthlessness, are found,
 Methought some gentle passion's smile
 Could moderate their rage awhile,
 And shine upon the clouds around.

But no! as when the shades of night
 Upon the ocean rest,
 Without a single star to light
 Nor make one lonely billow bright,
 So was the traitor's breast.
 Foul mark for hist'ry's faithful page
 Will be the name he bore;
 Despised in every future age,
 Contemn'd on every shore.
 Meanest of all the human race,
 How can he meet his Maker's face?

Gallia! to thee no common tie
 Connects thy king with sacred band;
 He and his blooming progeny
 Were bless'd by Heaven's almighty hand,

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And saved from death to rule the land
 Whose sons will circle round the throne,
 And make its interests all their own,
 So that the star of France may gleam
 On Orleans' house with fav'ring beam,
 And her broad standard to the gale
 Its triple dyes in glory show,
 While music echoes from the vale,
 And songs recite the welcome tale,
 How Philip crushed his coward foe!

To join the happy throng,
 Comes Peace with laughing eye,
 And hails the monarch as her guardian true:
 Britannia bears her flag along
 Where Gallia's ensign flutters in the sky,
 And Friendship twines a garland round the two!
 In France henceforth may civil discord cease,
 And shameless glory onward beckon those
 Who feel ignoble in the days of peace,
 To quench their thirst for blood with foreign foes.
 No standard waves o'er traitors' graves,
 No flow'rets deck their tomb;
 No moisten'd eye, no tender sigh,
 Speak sorrow for their doom;
 But, undeplor'd, they lie beneath the sod,
 Curs'd by their fellow-men—rejected by their God!

ANONYMOUS.

*(Translated by PARISIANUS.)**(To be continued in our next.)*

CURIOSITIES OF LEGAL EXPERIENCE.

No. I. MRS. SHERBORNE.

BY A SOLICITOR.

DOMESTIC life—that household word of England:—how many aching hearts may be found beneath its apparent calm! Often, oh! often would the sufferers have hid their miseries in the grave, but for the sacred duties of the Confessional, or the yearnings of a dying man for sympathy in his last hours. Scenes like these have a solemnity, a deep interest which softens the pain of disclosure:—but when a lawyer is consulted, when the secrets of the heart are laid bare before the cold eye of a professional man, there is nothing to soothe the mind under its task; and I have often wondered how those who came to me on matters of this sort *could* have summoned resolution for the effort. From a man of the world, immersed in business, and personally a stranger, what can be looked for beyond pity? and pity is not sympathy;—there is a wide difference between the benevolent regret that others should suffer, and the intuitive perception—the

full appreciation of what those sufferings are. The case about to be extracted from my journal was the one which interested me more than any others which occurred to me in practice.

Mrs. SHERBORNE.

August 15. Went by appointment to — square:—shown into the breakfast-room, and Mrs. Sherborne not appearing immediately, looked for the twentieth time at her exquisite portrait over the mantelpiece. I wonder who drew that picture; it is one of the very few I ever coveted. She is seated at a round table in a sort of amber-coloured dress, with some lace-work in her hand; the pale face and high clear forehead are set in a frame of dark hair, and, from the way the eyes are fixed on vacancy, she seems to have just laid down her work and looked up for awhile to think. The lips are slightly parted;—there is even a smile about the mouth, and yet, I know not how, the general expression is indescribably mournful. It would be no likeness otherwise, for I never saw a more unhappy-looking woman. * * *

Mem. Nearly caught soliloquizing by Mrs. S. Bad business I fear. Can her husband interfere with her property or prevent it going to her children? &c. Separation, I suppose, by-and-by. It was a Gretna Green trip, and, though that is the opposite way, it is frequently the shortest road to Doctors' Commons.

Aug. 27. Note from Mrs. S.:—in case of separation who do children go to? &c. Ah! it's a clear case. Best thing, I dare say. Mr. Sherborne is a regular gambler, constantly at the Hells—unlucky too;—so Brown says, and he ought to know, poor devil! What a wretched animal that Brown is;—"a youth of gaming, an old age of wine;" red nose, cheeks, and chin,—looks like a five of diamonds, or a parchment MS. with red ink alterations.

Sept. 10. Saw Mrs. Sherborne:—long conversation. Mr. S. always wanting money; has been pressing her for a long time to join him in raising some on her property; threatens to make her repent refusing; comes home intoxicated, and tries to frighten her; talks of taking away the children. No acts of personal violence; no reason to suspect him of infidelity, &c. It won't do; besides he may keep the children. Recommended separation by mutual consent.

Mem. Mrs. S. very interesting woman.

[I afterwards learned that she was a Miss Winston, and had married Mr. S. when very young, against the wishes of all her friends. He was a man of gentlemanly exterior and plausible manners, considerably older than herself, and a widower when the acquaintance began. No doubt her fortune was the main attraction; yet there must have been some mixture of better feelings, as they lived happily together for several years. His first wife, a Mrs. Clayton, survived the marriage for a few months only; he was at that time residing in the United States, chiefly at Philadelphia.]

Aug. 23. Feeling interested in Mrs. S., I told Brown to bring me any intelligence he could pick up of Mr. S.'s proceedings: so he came to dinner yesterday. It seems S. is a constant attendant at the Hell in — Street, and has graduated regularly in the gambling universities,—that is, entered as pigeon, passed his little-go with the

loss of half his fortune, and has now taken high honours in black-leggism, at the slight expense of health, character, and the remainder of his property. Of course he is a desperate man, and Mrs. S. will be hard pressed to give up her separate estate; but she must be firm, if it were only for the sake of her children. Mem. Brown is a beast. Four bottles of my best Port "opened the flood-gates of licentious mirth;" and such a display of grossness—of brutishness rather—I never before heard. There is a craving for excitement in some men, which drives them to wallow in the lowest excesses, as there are some diseases by which negroes are irresistibly impelled to eat dirt.

Aug. 29. Early this morning a note from Mrs. S., requesting an interview this day at twelve.

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I was punctual to a minute. She was greatly agitated, her eyes sparkled, and her usually pale cheeks were a bright hectic red. She spoke in a sharp, decided tone: "Mr. D., I wish immediately to apply for a separation. I have borne much from him,—threats, insults, and neglect for years;—but he never struck me—" and the blood rushed to her face as she uttered the degrading word. "Good heavens!" said I, "is it possible?" "You told me cruelty is a ground for separation. Last night he came home half intoxicated,—that was nothing uncommon. He called for brandy, and by the way he swallowed glass after glass of plain spirits. I knew what was coming; the bitter coward! he is afraid to face me, till he is mad with drinking. I went to my own room and prayed for a patient heart. It was useless to think of sleep while the hour of persecution was hanging over me, so I tried to pass the time in arranging my wardrobe, and putting up my hair; at last, there was nothing more to do but to sit and wait! How many times I started at the rattle of a window from the wind, thinking it was him. The watchman called two o'clock;—probably he had gone off in a doze, and the sound awoke him, for soon after I heard the table and glasses thrown down, and he came plunging and stumbling up the stairs. I thought I should have fainted."

She stopped for an instant, and looked so very pale that I handed her a bottle of volatile salts which lay on the table; but she declined it impatiently.

"I looked at him as he reeled in; his cheeks were swelled, and his eyes met mine with that stare of obstinate defiance which I know so well now. 'What, you're up, are you? So much the better,' he began in a rough coarse voice; and then came the demands for money, the threats, the horrible imprecations. He had lost every thing at the gaming-table; he told me so, and then wanted to force from me my children's bread to supply his riotous waste. I spoke to him quietly about the children, about old times, though my heart was bursting when I thought of them; but it only irritated him the more. 'Curse your flummery,' he said, catching me by the arm; 'give me the money, and you may preach to the devil and his imps.' I begged and prayed him to consider, not to make his children beggars, that it was for them I feared,—but, oh! Mr. D., it was all in vain. 'You think to get rid of me,' he retorted, 'to drive me to

Curiosities of Legal Experience.

cut my throat. Perhaps I may, but I'll not leave you behind; no, d—n me if I do.' I was dreadfully frightened; he saw it, and strode close to my chair. I rose in terror. 'Will you do it?' he said, and his face was black with rage; 'To-morrow,' I gasped out, 'to-morrow we will talk.' 'Will you do it?' he roared in a frenzy of passion. I trembled so that I could scarcely stand, and my sight failed; but I had resolution enough to say, 'I cannot, indeed I cannot.' Before I could finish the sentence he uttered a fierce oath, and I felt myself dashed back on the chair. He struck me—he did indeed."

She leaned forward on the table, and buried her face in her hands. I observed that her neck was carefully muffled up in a shawl, and there was a lump on the left shoulder which I fancied was a poultice. In a minute or two she recovered herself.

"What happened afterwards I do not know. I recollect hearing his voice very loud, but not what he said: then every thing was quiet, and I think I was on my knees a long time trying to utter a prayer; but perhaps it was a dream. Oh! if all the rest were a dream too.

"I cannot live with him, Mr. D.," she resumed, concealing her face with her handkerchief; the law, I suppose, will allow me to separate, and I wish you to take the necessary steps immediately." I assented to this, but added that there were many points to be settled before commencing a suit, more particularly as to the children. "They go with me," said she hastily; "it is impossible to leave them with him." On this point I felt considerable doubt; but, seeing the state of excitement she was in, I merely engaged to take counsel's opinion on the whole case as soon as possible, and, if favourable, to commence proceedings forthwith. On going away, I met the nurse with the children; desired her to take them in to her mistress. Poor woman! they are her only consolation now.

Mem. What a strange thing it is after such a scene to put down in one's books,

"Sept. 29. Conversation with Mrs. S. - - - £0 13s. 4d.!"

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Sept. 30. Laid a case before Mr. M., who promises his opinion to-morrow. Dr. P—— would have been a month about it. Never go to a first-rate man if you are in a hurry.

Oct. 2. Mr. M.'s opinion came yesterday evening. Thinks the cruelty sufficient; as to children, very doubtful, unless father has taken them to a gaming-house, &c. &c.

Had a long conversation with Mrs. S. at her aunt's (Mrs. Winston). She went there immediately after my last visit, and took the children with her. The probability that they would be left entirely in their father's power shook her resolution; and I then suggested a compromise. See her again to-morrow.

Mem. Read old Winston's will in registry.

[Miss Winston was left £30,000 by her father as soon as she came of age, to be settled to her separate use if she married. On her elopement with Mr. S., the Court of Chancery considering his conduct disgraceful, deprived him even of his life-interest, directing it to be paid to her separate use, and the principal to descend to her

lawful issue, with remainders over, &c. Without her consent, therefore, and that of the trustees, the property could not be touched. Interest about £1200 per annum.]

Oct. 3. Found Mrs. S. with her two children. The boy is a bouncing fellow about four years old; but his sister, who is between five and six, is the sweetest little creature;—a flaxy-polled fair-haired thing with a cherub's look of grave simplicity. Mrs. D., Mrs. D., why do you not bring me such another?

A compromise is to be attempted. "I will make any sacrifice of income," said Mrs. S., if he will leave me enough to exist on, and not interfere with my children;" and she intrusted me with full powers to make the best bargain I can. "Is every thing arranged," she enquired at length, in a tone to which the fatigue of our long conference had given more than its usual gentleness; "is there any thing more you wish to settle?" "I believe there is nothing more," I replied, "but I will run over my memoranda and see whether the instructions are sufficiently full." A few minutes sufficed for this, and observing that she had thrown herself into a chair, and looked worn and abstracted, I hastened to take my leave. She rose and shook hands with me, but on attempting to speak her voice failed, she faltered for an instant, and then, falling back into the chair, she hid her face, and burst into a passionate flood of tears. I was quite taken aback: in fact, my brains were so full of business, I was so entirely the attorney just then, that I could not become a "Man of Feeling" at a moment's warning; and I fancy there was something awkward in my attentions, for she turned away impatiently, and gasped out as she drew her panting breath, "Go, go."—Ah! her thoughts had been wandering to "days o' lang syne."

Oct. 5. Have determined to see Mr. S. at the gambling-house; Brown says it is the only time he is in his senses. A little ready money advanced might do wonders. It seems that he has not a sixpence:—execution on furniture; keeps out of the way, &c.

Mem. Brown is to be pilot; and, as I want another witness, he says he will bring a friend of his, a very *gentlemanly* man according to his account. Dine with me to-morrow. Must stint them in wine. Do not half like going to a Hell with Brown and his gentlemanly friend;—a fellow probably with red mustaches, and a coat all frogged and braided. Bah!

Oct. 6. The two worthies are here punctual to the dinner hour. Really Brown was right: though his friend is a sharper and a gambler, and contemptible in every way, he has both the manners and appearance of a gentleman. Then his dress is an old black coat, a costume which always prejudices me in a man's favour; there is a business-like professional air about an old black coat. A well-shaped half bald head, good features, and an easy address,—'pon honour I see nothing of the Black-leg there except it be in the dull expression of the eyes, and the strongly-marked lines from the nose to the corner of the mouth. What a contrast with Brown's heavy bloated physiognomy.

Oct. 9. P. M. Have managed to keep them sober so far, and at ten we start. Brown advises alterations of costume, boots instead of

gaiters, black cravat, &c. Not likely to be known there; but perhaps it is as well.

Oct. 10. P. M. Allons, mes braves. In vino veritas; the respectable-looking gentleman can match Brown in licentiousness. "Go up, thou bald-head, go."

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Felt some trepidation on entering the Hell in — Street:—*omne ignotum pro horridum*. Brown said it was but a second-rate place, yet every thing seemed done in good style; rooms large and well lighted, side-board loaded with plate, and tables with notes and gold. Mr. S. was not there.

On surveying the company I was surprised at the number with moustaches; some of them I thought looked very hard at me. Gaming is a monotonous affair to a spectator; Roulette and Hazard were played, and Brown's friend tried his luck at the former. Several of those who sat round the table seemed to do nothing but prick cards, which Brown said was to note the chances, in order to guess which way the tide of luck was setting; and then he explained to me his plan of staking. Whenever a colour or a number turned up twelve times consecutively, he betted on the opposite; and, if he lost, he went on doubling on the same colour or number as far as his purse would let him. He declares that a man must win who has the coolness never to play except under these circumstances. Unluckily he had not the requisite coolness, and his losses have reduced him almost to beggary; but he insisted on it that his plan was a good one.

Mr. S. now came in. Our meeting was stiff and cold; but he listened politely, while I opened the business; and his manner was so remarkably mild and easy that I could scarcely believe him guilty of the cruelty and violence laid to his charge. At first he declined entering into any compromise, declaring that Mrs. S. had left him without any cause except her unwillingness to share his embarrassments; but a hint of legal proceedings, and probably the firmness with which she had hitherto resisted his threats, brought him at length to terms; and he finally agreed to leave her undisturbed and the children with her, on receiving half her separate income (£600 a year). I produced a bond for his signature, and desired Brown and his friend to witness it. The latter came from the tables in his usual easy manner, apparently quite composed; but as I stood beside him, it struck me he was muttering to himself, and, on listening, I was horror-struck to hear him venting a string of fearful imprecations, like a maniac's incoherent curses.

Business being over, and all papers snug in my pocket-book, I got Brown to chaperone me round the saloon. I do not know whether it is fancy; but there seems to be something peculiar in a gamester's eyes,—a fixed opaque look, as if the back of them was silvered like a mirror, and reflected your glance instead of showing the owner's feelings. There that man stands, no doubt, still whispering curses just to lullaby the devil within; it is really horrible. A few pounds will not signify,—I must ask him to play for me. A bow and a smile, as if he were utterly indifferent! "If you put down on such a square, you win treble the stake: round the ball spins one way, and the

MAY, 1837.

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Roulette wheel twirls the other ; this time, at any rate, it has dropped into the right hole, and we have won." Tried it a second time,—luck again, but he does not change a muscle, nor seems to care which way it goes. Well, I hope he —

"Halloo, what is the matter, eh? Brown, my good fellow, there is something wrong, there will be a riot here :—let us be off immediately. Good gracious! the doors are shut, and we shall all be murdered. Call the police, some one,—Halloo there, Police, Police. What the devil brought me here? They will kill that man,—Gentlemen, for Heaven's sake, keep the peace—Police there—keep off, you scoundrel, keep off—" * * *

Soon after the above arrangement Mrs. S. retired into the country, and for some time enjoyed a quiet, if not a happy life in the society of her aunt and children. To the latter she was attached beyond expression ; their education engrossed her whole care ; and if her affection for them exceeded even the ordinary partiality of a mother's love, she had every excuse in the extreme beauty and gentle disposition of her little ones. Cornelia may have been prouder of her sons, but could not have loved them more. This feeling of exclusive attachment was increased by the loneliness of Mrs. Sherborne's situation ; her husband was a source of terror instead of support ; her parents had long been dead, and she was the only surviving child. One sister, many years older than herself, she remembered as the companion of her infancy ; but her, for a length of time, she had never seen, and all inquiry had been so carefully evaded, that it was only on her father's death that she became acquainted with her sister's fate. A clandestine marriage with one of low rank and doubtful character had occasioned the entire alienation of her family ; unable to dig and ashamed to beg, the unhappy couple had struggled with poverty in vain, and at length, as a last resource, had emigrated to America. From that time to the present, a period of more than fifteen years, no tidings of them had ever been received. Death or pride had sealed their lips ; either they lived in stern defiance of home and home feelings, or else, worn out with hardships and suffering, they had died in the Forest, and "made no sign" of reconciliation and forgiveness. It is no wonder, therefore, that Mrs. Sherborne, feeling herself thus alone in the world, should turn to her children with an all-absorbing interest. Like Andromache she felt that to her they were "father, mother, brother, husband,—all."

My connexion with her affairs, during this period, consisted chiefly in paying Mr. S. his stipulated allowance, and in occasional services, both friendly and professional, which I was enabled to render. But a year had scarcely elapsed, before I heard from her that Mr. S. had renewed his applications for money and his threats as to the children ; by which last she was so much alarmed, that the poor little things were only allowed to play on the lawn in sight of the windows. This went on for some time, and on Mr. S.'s part with increasing violence. Something was to be done ; the plan of buying off the enemy had failed ; perhaps, by throwing a sword into the scale, we might succeed better ; at all events it was worth the trial, and accordingly Mrs. S. determined, on my recommendation, to apply to

the courts for relief. From all the previous circumstances, and also from the notoriously bad character of S., who had latterly become more degraded than ever,—considerable hopes of success were entertained.

For the purposes of this suit, as well as to obtain more efficient protection from any forcible attempt that might be made, Mrs. Sherborne came up to town, and accepted an invitation to make my house her home. She soon found herself at ease in our little circle, and her two children were the admiration of the whole family. Mrs. D. was loud in praise of Ernest, a fine rosy-faced, jolly little man, all life and animation; while I was as loud, or nearly so, in behalf of Ella, whose childish beauty I still think the most perfect I ever saw. To see her listening with eager wonder to a fairy tale, or, with a look of simple seriousness, asking some strange question about the "better world,"—how it put to shame those libellers of heaven who make dumpling faces to represent the celestial cherubim, while this gross earth has beings of a beauty so far beyond.

Nov. 16. Every thing goes on well. We shall come on for hearing in about three months, and counsel are sanguine of success. Let us only get a decree that Mrs. S. is to be sole guardian of the children, and we can make our own terms with the scoundrel.

Dec. 5. Went to Reading on business with town-clerk.

Dec. 8. Letter from Mrs. D. Eh? what, "return instantly—Mrs. S. gone mad, or something dreadful happened." Good gracious! what does this mean? Mrs. D. must be mad herself;—"The children,"—S. has carried them off no doubt; eh, eh: no—"the children are quite well, but pray come home INSTANTLY,"—with three dashes. O! I must go of course. The mail passes at two in the morning; if there is room for one, I can be home by eight o'clock to-morrow. "Come home instantly."—What can it be?

Dec. 9. A bitter cold night:—I had to wait for a coach, and did not drive up to the door until past nine. Mrs. D. had some hot coffee ready, and while I took off my great-coat and comfortable, sipped my coffee, and got a warming by the fire, she began a history of what had happened. Mrs. D. is not a Tacitus in style, and before I had got much notion of the matter, peal went the bell, ring, ring, ring—Mrs. Sherborne wishes to see Mr. D. immediately. Confound the hot coffee, I have burned my throat in trying to swallow it down. What is the use of hurrying this way? Really women think there is nothing to do, but to follow their vagaries. * * *

If I entered Mrs. Sherborne's room in bad humour, her appearance put an end to all selfish considerations. Her eyes were dry and blood-shot, and her look painfully eager, like that of a sick man trying to read his fate in the physician's features. She shut the door when I had entered, bolted it, and, without saying a word, put a letter into my hand. A glance round the room showed me both children in bed; there seemed nothing to account for this extreme agitation, and it was not without some misgivings that I sat down to read. She took a seat opposite, snuffed the candle, pushed it towards me, watched me take out my spectacles with evident impatience, and showed every symptom of ungovernable restlessness. With a

view of escaping her searching glance, and concealing the first impression a perusal might create, I managed to hold the letters between us as if to get a better light. I suppose she detected the manœuvre, for after a few minutes she started up and drew aside my screen. I was taken by surprise;—she read alarm and blank consternation in my look, and, turning away with a bitter smile, she walked straight to her children's bed, and buried her face in the pillow between them.

The letter was from an attorney. It announced with cold formality, that he was instructed by Mr. S. to commence proceedings in the ecclesiastical court for a divorce, upon the grounds specified in the statement enclosed; and then followed a most extraordinary narrative:—"That Mr. S.'s first wife, a Mrs. Clayton, to whom he had been married in Philadelphia, was in reality the widow of Thomas Hickson. A copy of Mr. Hickson's certificate of marriage was subjoined, from which it appeared that he was married about eighteen years ago to Caroline Winston, eldest daughter of John Winston, Esq., of — Hall, — shire,—that three years afterwards they had emigrated to America, and settled in Louisiana,—that Mr. Hickson's affairs had prospered greatly for some years, when he died, and his widow, after losing her only child and suffering greatly in her own health, finally disposed of the plantation, and removed to the northern states. At New York, where she resided some time, she had assumed the name of Clayton, probably with a view to prevent any possible recognition by her English relatives; and it was under this name, on her subsequently settling at Philadelphia, that Mr. S. became acquainted with and married her. Mrs. Sherborne was therefore sister to her husband's first wife, and the marriage being within the prohibited degrees of affinity, was consequently void."

Jan. 3. I have had a harassing month of it. What with journeys, and searches, and examinations of all sorts, mine has been any thing but a merry Christmas. All to no purpose too; every thing confirms the melancholy fact that Mrs. Clayton was really the sister who went to America.

Jan. 5. Saw Mr. S.'s attorney. Very civil indeed,—happy to show any letters or papers,—unfortunate business, suggests an arrangement, &c. The sharpening rascal! a partner, no doubt, in the conspiracy, and looks for a share in the plunder. "Those letters of Mrs. Clayton's," he says, "only came to Mr. S.'s knowledge lately, quite by accident. For the honour of human nature I hope this is true. If S. knew of the relation when he married, God forgive him!"

Jan. 12. Ever since this fatal disclosure poor Mrs. Sherborne is quite a different being. Thin and pale, she looks the ghost of her former self; her once easy manner is now either abrupt or absent, and her gentleness of temper has given way to a nervous sensibility. Even to her children she will sometimes speak so harshly, that the poor things colour up to the eyes and do not know what to make of their mamma; then again she will sit for hours watching them at their child's play in the drawing-room with the tears trembling on her dark eye-lashes. Mrs. D. told me that yesterday our Fanny, happen-

ing to throw down Ella at some game or other, Mrs. Sherborne ran to them in the greatest agitation, slapped poor Fanny smartly on the shoulder, and, hastily catching up her child, hurried to her room, where she gave way to a flood of tears. Mrs. D., though ready to make every allowance for her situation, was not pleased to see her children so treated; but her resentment quite vanished, when, about an hour after, my little favourite came down to Fanny with her best toy, and hoped the slap had not hurt much, and that she would kiss and be friends.

Jan. 25. The suit has actually been commenced, and it is absolutely necessary to decide on some plan, though what to advise I do not know. The object of course is to extort money, but no sacrifice on our part can afford the least security against further demands; the suit could be revived at any time as a pretence for fresh exertions.

Mem. I will lay the case before Mr. M., and see if he can suggest any thing.

Jan. 27. Called on S.'s attorney. Sounded him as to the terms expected. He told me broadly that a large sum of ready money would be a *sine quâ non*, and that mere income would not do. Here's another difficulty; the trustees will never give their consent, and without it not a penny can be had.

Jan. 28. Mr. M. has sent his opinion; thinks no real defence can be made, and recommends an arrangement, &c. Bah! he does not know the rascals we have to deal with.

Saw the trustees about advancing money to S.; they refused, of course, without an order from the chancellor. An order from the chancellor in such a business as this! how can they talk such nonsense?

Went again to S.'s attorney, and, on pressing for the exact terms on which the suit would be withdrawn, he had the conscience to demand £5000 for S., and £500 more to himself for law costs! "There had been heavy expenses incurred to procure evidence in America, &c. &c.; no bill would be given, but, on payment, a receipt in full and bond not to sue," &c. Just waste paper, and the fellow knows it.

Feb. 2. Have had repeated interviews both with S. himself and his rascally agent. The strange malignity with which the former regards his wife,—the certainty that he has her in his power,—his own desperate abandoned character,—and the unprincipled venality of his legal adviser,—all have convinced me that, even if the present claims were satisfied, only a temporary relief would be gained. Mrs. S., however, has not the means to satisfy them, if it were desirable to do so; and, under all the circumstances, I think it will be advisable for her to withdraw for the present either to the Continent or some distant part of the country, keeping her residence a profound secret, while I endeavour to create delay by technical forms, or to buy it by tempting S.'s gambling propensities with advances of ready money. To gain time is to gain many chances of safety.

Feb. 3. Long conversation with Mrs. S. I read to her Mr. M.'s opinion,—“that a marriage with the sister of a former wife was clearly within the prohibited degrees, and that length of cohabitation

was no bar to a suit for divorce and nullity of marriage,—that if sentence of divorce were obtained in the ecclesiastical court during the life-time of the parties, the issue of the marriage would be illegitimate; but in case of the death of either party before sentence, the marriage could not then be annulled nor the issue bastardized.” [Lord Lyndhurst, by a late act, has somewhat altered the law on this subject.]

I then detailed the result of my negotiation with her husband, the vindictive feelings he displayed, and the impossibility of effecting an arrangement, concluding with the advice before mentioned as to her keeping out of the way on the chance of relief from Mr. S.’s death or some other contingency. She listened with great emotion; one instant her face and neck were a bright scarlet, and the next white and bloodless as a shrouded corpse. After a while she asked in a low voice, whether, if a divorce were obtained, the property settled on her children would be affected. I answered that it certainly would; her own life-interest would remain, but there being in such case no *lawful* issue, the property after her death would go to those in remainder. “Thank you,” she replied, “thank you;” and the red flush rose once more to her temples. “Pray leave me the papers until to-morrow; my head is too dizzy to think now.”

I rose to go. “I am a great trouble to you,” she said, with a faint smile, and holding out her hand, “your kindness has indeed been extreme, and I feel that my children will ever find in you a friend and protector. Be kind to them,” she added, in a half-choked voice, clasping my hand in both hers, “be kind to them, if they should ever be left helpless and alone in the world.” To wring her hand was all I could reply. As I went down stairs, I heard her lock and double-lock the door of her room, nor was it opened again during the evening.

Feb. 4. Early this morning wrote to a Scotch cousin of Mrs D.’s, in —shire, to know if she would receive Mrs. Sherborne as an inmate. The place is very retired, and by assuming another name there is little chance of her retreat being discovered.

Breakfast.—After kissing all the youngsters, cutting up my toast into parallelograms, and making a prodigious rustle with the just dried newspaper, I was getting deep into the leading article when Ella came into the room. “Ah! Ella, my child, how is mamma this morning?” “Mamma,” said the little girl, doing her best not to cry, “Mamma won’t kiss me, nor she won’t say any thing, though we called her very loud,—and brother is making such a noise for his breakfast.” “The Times” dropped from my hand; a horrible suspicion flashed on me, and I sat for a minute or two staring at the child in utter bewilderment. “What is the matter?” exclaimed Mrs. D., in a nervous fright at my strange appearance; but without replying I started from my seat and rushed up stairs. I drew the curtain—the first glance was enough—the poor persecuted mother!—they had hunted her to the grave.

A phial of laudanum stood on the table. Mr. M.’s opinion, all blistered with tears, and two letters addressed to me, lay there unsealed; one containing her last wishes, the other a heart-rending appeal.

"Do not, oh, do not blame me; it is for them—for my children." But no—I cannot torture myself by reading again that mournful, miserable letter. It is enough to know that, worn out with long persecution, she had given way to despair, and seeing that her death before a divorce was obtained would secure her children from disgrace and poverty, she put an end to that life which was now an obstacle to their happiness. If to seethe a kid in the milk of its dam be forbidden, what must their guilt be who force a mother to suicide by the strong workings of a mother's love!

About a year afterwards a coroner's inquest was held on a man who had been thrown out of one of the low Hells in — street in the course of some ruffianly quarrel. I did not see the account until long after the occurrence, when, observing that one of the many aliases under which the deceased had gone was the name of Sherborne, I made inquiries on the subject, and from all I could learn it seemed highly probable that the unfortunate man was indeed Mrs. Sherborne's guilty husband; and as neither Mrs. Winston nor myself have ever been disturbed in our guardianship over the children, it may be considered almost certain that the wretched gambler's life was ended by a gambler's death.

THE ASTRONOMER.

BY ANDREW CROSSE, ESQ., OF BROOMFIELD.

THERE was a man who sent out bills
Which told to all the neighbours,
A wondrous sight they all might see,
The produce of his labours.

The neighbours came accordingly
(A long word fills my song),
They blunder up the dusty stairs
And in the passage throng.

They pop into a dismal room
(It must be owned 'twas shocking),
The light came from a pan of grease
And twisted cotton stocking.

A scaffold rose at yonder end,
Not much unlike a screen,
'Twas full of holes, and there appeared
Some feeble rays between.

A man—I judge so by his voice,
His face I could not see—
Now came in front and made a speech
Uninterruptedly.

Uninterruptedly I say,
For he was quite at home,
He told us what the comets do,
And where the planets roam.

The Astronomer.

He told us that the sun was round,
And made a monstrous blaze,
Whereat his hearers, all agog,
Sat speechless in amaze.

But when he said the moon had seas,
And many a hill and river,
They took him for a conjuror,
And their hair began to stiver.*

A signal next the speaker made,
And up they drew a curtain,
It seemed a flannel petticoat,
But of this one can't be certain.

Oh what a grisly ring was there
Of brutes with aspect sour,
You would have thought the beasts had 'scaped
Their dungeons in the Tower.

The Ram was like a Guernsey cow,
Which the Bull came trotting after,
Driven by the Twins, two savage boys,
With roaring shouts of laughter.

Next crawled the Crab, a hideous thing,
Like Brobdignagian spider;
The Little Lion pranced behind
As though about to ride her.

The Virgin! oh, for shame, for shame,
A tawdry flaunting quean,
You would have sworn she was about
To make the signs thirteen.

As for the Scales of course 'tis right
To put them in the sky,
Since justice long from earth has fled
And sits up pretty high.

The Scorpion nervous seemed and vexed,
A stranger to repose,
So since no other he could sting,
He tickled his own nose.

The Archer, for a centaur meant,
Half man and half a bear,
Held firm his bow against his breast
To shoot against the air.

A thing came next, I know not what,
He said it was a goat,
Two horns it had like coiling ropes
That twisted round its throat.

Then followed a black bearded Jew,
Whose toil was somewhat vain,
He poured dry pebbles from a pot,
Which people said was rain.

* Stiver, to stand on end, a favourite term in the Somerset dialect.

Next swam in space, though not in sauce,
Two vast outlandish Fishes ;
'Twould pose a cook to tell their names
Or clap them into dishes.

By this tremendous circle bound
The solar system shone,—
I should have said was meant to shine,
The light was well nigh gone.

'Twas very sad to see the plight
In which the planets lay,
One scarce could tell the morn from eve,
Nor yet the night from day.

The sun, by constant winding round,
Had got a dismal fall,
From which he wambled when he moved
Or would not move at all.

Besides, some urchin with a stick
Had poked him in the face,
Through which a little candle shone
Without much solar grace.

Mercury was little better off,
Since truth we must declare,
He might have once been meant for round,
But now he was worn square.

Nor beauty much could Venus boast,
She flopped all to and fro,
With dirty patches on her face
As black as any crow.

Next came the Earth, stuck on a skewer,
The which around she spun ;
Oh dear ! what creaking noise she made
Whilst grinding round the sun.

The Moon, unlike the jolly face
In learned Moore we find,
Looked somewhat grim, and I've a thought
One of her eyes was blind.

But be this as it may, the next
Was Mars, in proper station,
Who glowed red as an alderman
In a city inflammation.

Poor Jupiter, in travelling on
Too fast, his moons had lost ;
They stuck against an ugly post
Which had his passage cross'd.

I never knew he was a shot,
Yet shot belt had he on ;
But 'twas so worn and full of holes
That all the shot were gone.

The Astronomer.

And next came Saturn, but his ring
Was all besmeared with black ;
I wonder if the cause is put
In any almanack ?

Then came the little Georgian star,
Like little Jacky Horner,
Who holding fast his Christmas pie
Sat snugly in the corner.

A comet must not be forgot,
Who left his tail behind,
Then stopped to look for what he'd lost,
But this he could not find.

Proud of the show, and ready primed
With poetry and prose,
The astronomer resumed his flight,
An owl amidst the crows.

He sang how first 'twas jumble all—
Earth, water, mixed together—
Spread out beneath the sun-like soup
Or a sea of fluid leather ;—

How from the mass round globes shot off
At once in wild commotion,
And light arose amidst the storm
And flashed upon the ocean ;

And those who had an eye might see
(If any then had eyes)
A thousand suns resplendent burn,
A thousand systems rise ;—

How nature was ashamed to show
Such wild organization,
And opened to the eye of day
A beauteous creation ;—

How earth was crusted o'er with good
Rich vales, stupendous mountains,
With birds to fill the air with song,
With groves to shade the fountains ;

With fish to wallow in the seas,
Insects to suck the flowers ;
With man, to tyrannize at will,
Endowed with godlike powers.

He sang that though the heavens are vast,
And awful to behold,
And though the arch above us gleams
With stars of living gold,

Yet still that equal wonder lies
In things minute on earth,
That nature teems with shapes of life
With scarce discovered birth ;—

That microscopic aid reveals
New worlds in every rose,
In every gem that studs the leaf,
In every flower that blows.

The mite is not so passing large,
His bristles somewhat small,
Yet when he scratches one of these
A hundred cities fall.

Earthquakes and mitequakes thus may be
Proportionably right,
One clears base vermin from the world,
The other from the mite.

He said—but here his strain was mixed
With visions swift that rose,
The drowsy hum-drum of the song
Had lulled me to repose.

I slept, how long I cannot tell,
But started at the sound
Of people struggling to get out
Through darkness most profound.

LONDON IN 1857,

OR A

PROSPECTIVE PIECE OF AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

MUCH fatigued with business—for this month, June, was very busy to me—I returned late one evening home to my own snug house. Be it known to all the world that I am a bachelor, and that my prosperity increasing year by year in —, a most agreeable, I *was* going to say, but I amend my phrase by substituting the words—what *might have been*—a most agreeable ratio, I have not yet been induced to take a wife to myself, and struggle on with the world for some end and purpose. Wealth is but a cumbersome thing in some situations, and I know no situation so unenviable as that of the man who looks around him and sees an accumulation of that which will purchase all the good things of this life—life and health excepted—while the sad and dispiriting certainty that there is no one else in the world to enjoy it with him—no wife, no children, to share the blessing with its solitary possessor, and from whom he can derive happiness by imparting it—presses with sick and dreary heaviness upon his mind. But I am straying from my point. Where can be the benefit of moralizing, when I am almost clear that I am the only person of my own unfortunate nation that can now peruse these lines? It may then be asked of me why I write? My answer is, *that I cannot help it*. I try to drown my recollections in presenting them on paper for the satisfaction of my own mind, and to make the misery to which my

recollections point so familiar to my imagination that it may lose the horror of its strangeness.

On the 23rd day of June, 1857, late in the evening, I returned home. I flung myself on the sofa, quite worn out, and rang for my dinner. Up came my housekeeper with the chill and smokeless repast—it *was* intended to be hot—naturally spoilt by keeping. I was so drowsy that the vision of her entrance conveyed no definite impression to my senses, and it required a hearty shake or two to make me get up, and be sensible that the meal, such as it was, invited my kind attention. I rose and *swam* to the table; but it was long, owing to my indomitable sleepiness, before I could find any appetite. At last I shook off a little of the stupor which oppressed me, and began to address myself to that which had been placed before me. About an hour and a half elapsed before I had finished my repast, for I ate lazily, and even every now and then took a five minutes' consultation with myself, whether it was worth while to "lay knife aboard" again upon the joint, though the operation had for its end nothing more or less than the gratification of my own appetite. At last, however, I finished, sent away the paraphernalia, saw tumbler and rum placed upon the table, and moved myself to the fire, where slippers, dressing-gown, and easy-chair, kindly awaited me. Thus passed an hour or two:—first a reverie, then a mixture of the liquids that lay temptingly beside me, then a pause to let the tumbler cool, then a stir and pile up of the fire, then a few sips, with intervals of thought, then a half-doze, then a wake-up, reverie, and so on, "same as before," as the doctors say upon their villainous phials. At ten o'clock, or a little after, I rang for my chamber-candlestick, left the fastening up of the house, for the first time in my life, to my trusty Betty, and deliberately and philosophically

"Bedward plodded my weary way,"

leaving the house to darkness and my housekeeper.

I slept like a top, or a dead man, and at last started up surprised to see the sunshine look so glaring and *noon-like*. What a time I must have slept to be sure! I looked at my repeater, the hand pointed to half-past ten: twelve mortal hours had I been sleeping, as if I had been never going to awake again! No dreams—no partial waking up—no thought—nothing but a dead—dead void. I had never had such a sleep in my life, and I was as much surprised at it as I was displeased and discomforted at the lateness of the hour.

That traitorous Betty too! Why had I not been called? It was invariably my strictest order that seven A. M. should never be let pass without an unceremonious *rat tat* or *thump thump* at the door, with the accompanying intimation, "It's seven o'clock, Sir, and your water's getting stone cold." I jumped out of bed and began to dress myself in a terrible hurry, predetermined to have a good scold at my housekeeper the moment I was fit to be looked upon. What a satisfaction there is in these belligerent determinations! I positively felt all the less angry with her, because I was going to give her a very extraordinary rating! This complacency was like the oil thrown upon the fire, that *cools* while it *heightens the flame*. Dear me! half-

past ten! all my clerks expecting me (for no work is ever I believe *seriously* begun till the master is descried *looming* into the *offing*), to set their quills in motion and their tongues at rest, and perhaps no end of people on business awaiting me in the antechamber of my counting-house.

I thought of little but my hurry and anger as I descended the stairs. All was silent below, so I stepped into the drawing-room and pulled the bell, determined to open my fire the moment the enemy should come within range. Betty, however, did not think proper to come up stairs—probably conscience-struck and consequently cautious. There is an instinct sometimes in these matters, but *n'importe*. I pulled a second time and had no better luck! "She must have fallen asleep," said I, "but it was not ill of her to do her work first. The fire is lighted, but looks as if it had long wanted looking after; the apartment is put in order, and the breakfast things are upon the table. However, I must have hot water and *she* must have her scolding."

After a few more ineffectual rings I walked down stairs to the kitchen, but found it vacant. Where could she be? where could she have got to? Her bedroom door was open. I looked in, but nobody was there. I re-ascended the stairs, rather more hurriedly than before, and with a vague feeling of alarm. She was neither in the parlours, drawing-rooms,—in short, in no part of the house! Quite amazed, and with a very anxious and cloudy brow, I walked to the drawing-room window. The odd, the utter silence of the street, populous enough all day yesterday, for the first time struck me. Not a person was in sight, though the shutters of the houses were open, and all looked as it ought to have done. Not a soul could I see, either up or down the pavement. Not a wheel could I hear, but the street in which I lived was dull, though a good many pedestrians were accustomed in the course of the day to pass through it, and so I did not so much wonder at the latter circumstance. I may as well mention to the reader that my street was the old one called Queen Anne Street, and that the house I inhabited, as well as the adjoining one, were erected in the room of a large one, the lease of which expired in the year 1839, and which being very old was pulled down, and the present brace of smaller, though more convenient, messuages raised up in its room.

With a strange and disagreeable feeling creeping over me I seized my hat, opened the street door, and sallied into the street. At the first turning I paused, and looked up and down the street which crossed mine, and which led, at no great distance, into Cavendish Square. I stared, as well I might: not a soul was to be seen! not a carriage was to be distinguished! I hurried along, crossed the square, turned down Princes Street, shot across Oxford Street, and arrived at the top of that usually crowded and justly celebrated thoroughfare along which so many are daily wont to pass—I mean Regent Street. It was here just the same. *Not a soul, however distant, was to be discerned; not a wheel broke upon the astounded ear, all was deathlike silence; the silence of the country, rather, for two crows came winging blackly along above me, and gave a fearful ca-aw as they looked down upon the empty, the utterly deserted streets!*

I was perfectly bewildered: words cannot express my astonishment. I stood petrified, doubting almost if I lived, and very much inclined to believe I was in some singular and horrible dream. Let the reader carefully consider my situation—I was alone, one solitary individual, in the very midst of London, in one of its most thickly populated streets, standing in the midst of four ways, and alternately looking down each, vainly expecting to see some person or some symptom of inhabitants. It was standing, truly, in the City of the Dead! Let the reader, with his knowledge of what London is every day, with his remembrances of crowded streets, bustling throngs, rattle and rumble of wheels heavy and light, chaos of carriages, oceans of people, the never-ceasing activity, the immense stir and agitation, the variety of objects and employments, the clash of conflicting interests and pursuits, the vast and apparently more than mortal turbulence of an overgrown metropolis like London, fancy himself standing, like me, alone—ALONE in its deserted streets, the only survivor of a general destruction; the last man in a populous world, the only human being among the habitations of thousands, and scores of increasing thousands, the sole wretch existent from a universal wreck. And then the houses were so large, so proud, so towering, drawing sullenly away till lost in the dimness of perspective distance; the pavements could now only echo back my single, solitary tread; the roads, the files of lamps, the sea of streets were around me, and I was unconnected, cut off from my kind, with nothing but my single voice in this gigantic and awful solitude—a voice how soon lost amidst the myriads of buildings that shut me in their still and tomblike recesses! how feebly returned from the chill, repulsive architectural surfaces, which rose up sadly and freezingly before me. *All London was mine.* I was the possessor of countless treasures, of piles of wealth that would baffle the most exquisite resources of arithmetic! I could enter every shop and ransack its stores without word or molestation. For years could I employ myself in examining each house, and going from one to another, from street to street, from district to district, till, maddened by my unearthly solitude, my more than mortal torture, I seized a torch, sought one of the numberless repositories of combustibles that were scattered around me, and, firing the magazine, put an end to the horrors that silently stared me to death around, by burning the one mighty grave of humanity, witnessing, alone, the conflagration of the modern Babylon, and perishing in the flames of my colossal mausoleum!

Oh, what a sight I thought would such a scene be! what could be my sensations in witnessing, without a soul to share its terrible, its overwhelming grandeur, so splendid, yet so awful a catastrophe! What companion should I have, but that superhuman element which I should call into existence by my own weak hands, and which, mastering in the moment of its fearful creation the being that produced it, would soar above my puny reachings, tear down the authority that birthed it, laugh to scorn the powerless insect that accidentally broke the iron spell which bound its brazen, bursting limbs, and let the gigantic demon rush forth upon the earth, destruction in its flashing eye-balls and the red shafts of conflagration in its trem-

blingly eager hand—rush with the worm it rode over through the flame-undulating streets, and yell at last in exultation over the mighty destruction which it had effected, and the rash creature that in sacrificing himself to the scorching, devouring breath of the thing he had produced, fell a victim to that which he had himself brought into its terrible, its godlike existence. Fire I thought must be the issue. The city could *not* stand, I should go mad before I neared its boundaries; its churchyard silence seemed already to overpower my soul! I must destroy it. Fire and myself must be its kings, and we must expire together. Had there been but one being left to share the solitude with me, methinks I could have borne it. How did I know? there might be yet another solitary individual like myself at some extremity of the metropolis, who was making the same lamentations as I was making, and mourning his desolate condition, wandering the empty streets alone, perhaps, like myself. This thought operated like magic, it allayed the fire in my brain in a moment, and I gradually became more quiet in mind and composed in body.

Some time elapsed. I gasped less convulsively, and my pulses began to cease the fearful rapidity of their movements. I walked down the street, rounded the Quadrant, passed along the lower portion of the street, and found myself entering into Waterloo Place, where it widens towards the flight of steps, the Shakspeare* column, the clubhouses, and the Park; still, still the same—silence, unbroken silence; a desert of buildings, a solitude more profound than that of the vastest desert, whose thousands of miles of parching sand reduce the solitary traveller to the insignificance of one of the very grains that is unperceivable in a foot square of the universal space, the sky-like blank around him. I could not induce myself to enter any of the houses, though all were open. Shops, doors of large buildings, stared me in the face in every direction, and smiled me almost into frenzy. I hurried on through the graves of universal mortality.

And how could I account for all this? There was the terrible certainty, however, before me. Where had the inhabitants fled to? Had they sunk into the earth? been wholly swept away by some invisible and inscrutable decree? and all in one night? London was itself but last night, and what is it now? I seek my bed with the world around, and wake its solitary tenant! By what strange and awful means had the people thus imperceptibly passed away—passed away like a fugitive thought, never to again exist; faded, like the baseless fabric of a vision, leaving not a trace behind? This suspense, this weight of hopeless speculation, was torturing. I could but ask the question. Where have they fled to? whither have they gone? and echo could only answer me in my own word—*where?*

I passed down Pall Mall and entered Trafalgar Square. How different from yesterday! where was the crowd pressing through the doors of the National Gallery? There were all inanimate objects, unconscious and unchanged; the naval monument of Nelson, with its

* This column was, I believe, twenty years ago called by another name, and dedicated to and surmounted by a statue of Frederic, Duke of York, brother of George IV.

fountains and *rostra*, the balustrades across the noble area, the equestrian statue of King Charles, the square itself, noiseless and deserted as the fearful Upas. All mocked me with its voiceless sameness. The sun was high and hot, the sky intensely blue, and the burning sunshine streaming down and gilding the monuments of the departed, the "whitened sepulchres," still, ghostlike, and untenanted.

I reached the Strand. The new rows of shops and houses on the north side of the thoroughfare looked just as usual. A labyrinth of empty streets extended round me; the silence of the charnel vault brooded over the roofs, the spires, the colossal magnificence of London!

The upper part of the Strand, and the new Triumphal Arch erected in the place of the old and dingy Temple Bar, now rose upon the sight. I increased my pace. Fleet Street, Ludgate Hill, St. Paul's Churchyard, Cheapside, the Poultry, Lombard Street, Fenchurch Street, Thames Street, were successively passed through, and I walked along the Custom House Terrace, and, reaching the stairs, began to think of the desolation I had witnessed in my passage. Shops, warehouses, manufactories, public buildings, private houses, streets, lanes, courts, and alleys, had *shocked* me with their more than deathlike stillness. I was half stupified, and gazed vacantly upon the broad and silvery surface of the beautiful Thames, as it rippled gently up to my feet (the tide was up), and seemed to proclaim to me that it was the only thing gifted with motion within the monstrous circuit of our Titanean metropolis.

I leaped into a wherry and seized the oars, anxious to drift down the glittering river towards the country, and so escape the horrors that reigned in the City of the Dead. Here was fresh food for wonder. The tiers of shipping rose grimly before me, frowning like giants on the silent waters, and seeming to taunt me with my utter helplessness and insignificance, a forest of masts and I buried in the recesses. *I grew now frightened at the things around me.* The mighty vessels, with their high and jetty sides, the nets of labyrinthine cordage, the sea of tracery, the squared yards, the fluttering streamers,—the tiers of colliers and coasters, stretching out before me, till they were lost by distance and the turns of the river,—the river craft of all descriptions, the unwieldy steam-ships, with their stunted funnels, black hulls, and scarlet paddles,—these objects of life and use, ten thousand times more horrid in their present motionless abandonment and lumbering uselessness, with the one wide tomb, the spectral metropolis, on each side of me, with its hundred tapering spires, its sublimely-domed cathedral, its towered abbey, its ocean of wavy roofs (smokeless now, alas!), its splendid bridges, its wharfs, its magnificent public buildings, rose up in chaos around me, and seemed each, in its varying yet uniform individuality, to stamp madness on my brain, and drive me from the deadness encircling me to the death which had so momentarily swallowed up all the living population that had made London—London.

I looked up to the heavens; there all was still, and calm, and beautiful, and glorious:—the sun in fervid grandeur above me; the snow-heaped clouds sailing slowly through the blue profundity of the

sea of summer sky, and glassing back his glory in the scintillating face of the lovely river. Sunshine, rich June sunshine, was on all objects. A deliciously soft south-western wind blew gently in my face, and, as it swept calmly over its surface, slightly agitated the water. All was peace and beauty,—peace maddening in its intensity! beauty terrible in its solitude!

I could bear no more: all that I had gone through since the morning seemed to rush upon, at once, and overpower my soul. All familiar objects around me,—the ancient Tower, the Monument, London Bridge, the Southwark iron bridge, seen through its arches in noble perspective, St. Saviour's church, well-known building after building,—and yet, how strange, how changed, how desolate! I dropped the oars and buried my face in my hands. Oh! what joy it would have been to have heard, at ever so great a distance, the voice of some one shouting for companionship! Excited by the idea I started up and called out with my whole power of voice. I listened anxiously for an answer; all was vain. My shout echoed on the bank and expired among the buildings which crowded its ridge and the vessels made fast to its multitudinous wharfs. The disappointment completed the overthrow of my endurance. I pressed my hands against my eyes, and in a fit of frenzied agitation threw myself into the river. Downwards I shot, head foremost; the waters bubbled and rolled above me; I was strangling in the water, bursting for breath. My senses were sinking fast into oblivion; my last sensation was that of the tide splashing against my dripping body. Just as I had closed my eyes for the last time and composed myself to die, *I heard a voice shouting from the bank of the river.* New life rushed into my failing pulses; I listened in an intensity of eagerness. The cry was repeated. Again it smote upon my ear. Thank heaven! I am saved at last! At last I caught the words, "*It's eight o'clock, Sir, and the water's been waiting for you for a whole hour.*" I struggled hard with the blank that seemed to enclose me; bumped up against something that came floating towards me (the shock of which seemed to shatter my whole fabric), and—*woke.* I stared. I had rolled out of bed, upset the washhand-stand, tumbled over the ewer, the cold water of which had given me the sensations of my immersion in the river, and been restored to consciousness by the careful voice of my faithful housekeeper. Oh, the unspeakable joy of my discovery! Delight of delights! Glory of glories! *There were people in London besides myself,* and there were human creatures once more around me!

A dread, however, came over me in the moment of my exultation, excited by the dreadful vividness of my dream. Was not that dream "the denotement of a foregone conclusion?" *Would London ever be as I had seen it?* and was I ever fated to be the last of its inhabitants?

HARGRAVE JENNINGS.

ASMODEUS AND THE INCOGNITO.

(Continued from page 407.)

"I am a spirit of no common rate;
 The summer still doth tend upon my state,
 And I do love thee; therefore go with me.

* * * * *

And I will purge thy mortal grossness so
 That thou shalt like an airy spirit go."—*Shakspeare.*

OUR crystal boat soon floated above the towers of Notre Dame, and drifted south-westward over Montargis, Auxerre and Chalons. Asmodeus, acting as Cicerone, said:—"Those are the Alps, by which Italy is separated from the rest of Europe. Oh! that the Italians knew how to make a good use of that formidable bulwark! Their country is naturally rich, great and powerful by land and sea; but by their indolence and disunion they have rendered it unhappy, insignificant, and weak. 'Tis true, that both the Carthaginian Napoleon of old, and the modern Hannibal of Corsica, were not stopped in their martial career by those almost unsurmountable mountains; but posterity will probably never witness their equals. It is therefore actually the fault of the Italians, if their country is condemned,—

'A servir sempre o vincitrice, o vinta.'

"Well spoken," said I, "but pray, Asmodeus, let us alight on the summit of Mont Blanc, that I may contemplate for a short time nature's wonders and beauties." "Be it so," was his reply, and, behold, we soon were on *terra-firma*.

In getting out of the boat, having been suddenly seized by the intense cold, I began to tremble with all my limbs, and was nearly fainting, when Asmodeus advised me to take a lozenge. Having directly followed his suggestion I felt perfectly comfortable. To describe what is indescribable, being an impossibility, I cannot impart to the reader the delight, the admiration, and the pleasing and astonishing sensations, by which my mind was overpowered, while I stood at 15,780 feet above the surface of the ground on a pic of massive snow with a good devil at my elbow. Suffice for me to say, that the spectacle was wonderful in every direction. In the shade, even without the aid of the telescope, I could easily perceive the stars twinkling in the cloudless heavens. Under me I viewed with rapture the magical effect of numberless high pics covered with eternal snow, the clear lakes of Switzerland and Italy, and the azure waves both of the Mediterranean and Adriatic. On my left the picturesque aspect of the South of France presented a landscape, compared to which the finest specimens of Claude, Poussin, Albano, and Salvator Rosa would appear but failures. On my right, Italy appeared in all her charms, with her fertile plains, and highly cultivated hills and valleys, intersected by limpid rivers, and evergreen Appennines. Here my attention was attracted by foaming cascades, which afterwards transformed themselves into torrents and rivers. There crystalline glaciers,

reflecting, like mirrors, the scenery of the environs, dazzled my sight. Towards the south-west the Valtelline and the Grisons formed a prospect both attractive and romantic. As I continued attentively surveying the majesty of nature, Asmodeus said, "Well, I see that you would willingly remain much longer here, but as you have already sufficiently satisfied your wishes, I think we had better resume our voyage." "If it be your pleasure," answered I, "I am ready;" consequently we re-embarked and steered towards Italy.

While we were sailing over Turin, Charles Albert was just going out in state, preceded, surrounded, and followed by numerous horseguards. I could easily see the waving of hats and handkerchiefs, and even hear the cheers and hurrahs of the multitude through which his carriage passed. "Faith!" said I to Asmodeus, "'tis truly very strange. I see that his Sardinian Majesty is much applauded, how happens it then that he is generally represented as a tyrant hated by his subjects?" With a sardonic smile on his lips the devil replied, "Yes, the king of Sardinia is indeed a tyrant, and deserves the hatred of his people, but I am much surprised at finding that you have not yet learned why kings and princes are always well received in public in all countries where tyranny and despotism are their only support. Well, I will tell you by what means this mock popularity is obtained. The Sardinian minister of police, whenever his master goes out of his palace, or rather of *his royal prison*, stations all his secret paid spies and satellites in the streets, through which the king must pass; those hirelings, supporters, and slaves of absolutism, receive strict orders to cheer and hurrah the monarch with all their might; and as a great portion of the lower classes of Italy, I may also say of almost all countries, often act rather like monkeys than as reasoning and reflecting beings: when a man is cheered and applauded they cheer and applaud him; when he is hooted, hissed, and pelted, they also hoot, hiss, and pelt him, without considering whether he deserves it or not. However, the middle classes and all those who have had the good luck of acquiring some instruction, bear with indignation the Sardinian yoke, repeating within themselves that verse of Alfieri,

"Siam servi, sì, ma servi ognor frementi."

"Ah! ah!" quoth I, "if that is the way that kings and princes are popular, I wish them joy, and especially to Charles Albert, whom I remember to have known at Rome in 1817, when H. R. H. the Prince of Carignano, openly professed very liberal opinions both on religious and political subjects, nay, he was there regarded as a republican and a carbonaro."

"And such has always been the cunning policy of all young princes who are to succeed to a throne," retorted Asmodeus; "they act so for two motives; 1st. by so doing they gain, during their youth, the approbation and esteem of the patriots; 2d. when they obtain the crown and power, they know how to deal with their former friends and partisans. Consult the annals of the world, and you will find that almost all those apparently liberal young princes have become, during their reign, greater tyrants than their predecessors were." While Asmodeus was thus instructing me, I perceived through the telescope in

the centre of a large city a noble and magnificent marble structure surrounded by gardens and almost besieged by horse and foot-guards. What place is that?" asked I of Asmodeus. "That is the residence of a despot," replied he; "that is the palace of a fiend, who, considering his limited means, greatly surpasses in cruelty and oppression all the Tiberii and Neros of old. There lives the Archduke Francis of Este, the present ruling tyrant of Modena. Do you see in that splendid apartment that pale, thin, and powdered individual in company with an elderly fat person and a young man?" "Yes," answered I, "and they seem busily engaged in reading some MSS. papers." "Well," resumed Asmodeus, "the powdered individual is the Duke; the elderly fat person is his Confessor and Prime-Minister, and the young man, a Jesuit by profession, is his private secretary; they are perusing some denunciations, which have been forwarded this morning against three gentlemen who are suspected of entertaining liberal opinions. The Monks, who really swarm in the Modenese, are the best spies of the Duke; and, as through interest or spite they often abuse their calling, many families are ruined in consequence of their denunciations. Asmodeus was still revealing the baseness of those dirty hypocrites, when the door of the apartment was opened; and a young lady, dressed in black and bathed in tears, quickly advancing, presented a petition to the Duke, and then threw herself at his feet. The Prince, however, directly destroyed the paper without looking at it: the young Jesuit rang the bell, and, behold, two guards took away through violence the fair supplicant from the arch-ducal presence. "Oh! the brute," cried I, with indignation; "pray, Asmodeus, explain to me the meaning of that distressing sight; tell me what was her request, and why it has not been granted?" "She is the wife of a young barrister," said the devil; "her husband generously, but foolishly, dared to become the advocate of the unfortunate Menotti, who was executed for high-treason in 1831. From that epoch he was of course placed under the surveillance both of the political and religious inquisition as a man of suspected liberal principles. Having afterwards been denounced to belong to the Carbonari of Central Italy, he has been condemned to be imprisoned for life. This is the sixth time that his disconsolate spouse has implored his pardon; but, as you have already witnessed, she has always been treated in the same manner."

"But, I suppose," observed I, "it has been proved that he was a Carbonaro?" "Proved!" retorted Asmodeus, peevishly,—“not at all. If the least proof had existed, he would have been soon dispatched on the gallows, his family exiled, and his property confiscated. In the States of Francis D' Este a single denunciation is quite sufficient to deprive a man of his liberty, and sometimes of his life.” “And do his subjects bear such a tyrannical yoke?” quoth I. “Even they must,” rejoined Asmodeus. “Look beneath you on every direction, and you will soon discover the cause of their forbearance.” I obeyed his command, and saw with dismay that Austrian troops in great numbers were encamped almost all around the Modenese. I sighed, and then said, “Where are the state prisoners detained?” “There,” answered Asmodeus, pointing to a subterraneous prison under the citadel of

Modena. I contemplated for a few instants that wretched abode, and was horror-stricken in seeing several human beings buried alive in small cells, separated from each other, and showing in their emaciated countenances striking marks of their mental and bodily sufferings. Those dungeons received a faint light by a little aperture guarded with strong iron grates, through which one of the nearest relations is allowed every three months to communicate with the prisoner in the presence of two policemen. "But that is worse than the famous Spanish Inquisition," observed I. "And so it ought to be," said Asmodeus, "since political inquisitors are a great deal worse than religious ones. Nay, I must also tell you, that those victims of absolutism are every month forced to make revelations of their supposed political accomplices, and, as they cannot make any, they are brutally tortured with the strappado.* However, I am sure that I have shown to you enough of Modena to prevent you from ever coming to live in it during the present state of things. Now we will sail for Naples, where, if you like, we will take our dinner." On hearing this intimation, I was at first highly pleased, because I ardently wished to revisit a city where, in the spring of life, I had spent my happiest days; but, a few minutes after, the sweet recollection of the past and the bitter certainty of the present contrasted so much in my mind, that I became melancholy and thoughtful, and sunk into a profound desponding silence; I was however awakened from this short lethargy by Asmodeus, who, having rudely shaken me, said, "What is the matter with you now?" "Alas! Asmodeus," replied I, "pity my despondency, for I have experienced the truth of that beautiful sentence of the amorous Francesca di Rimini:—

"Nessun maggior dolore,
Che ricordarsi del tempo felice
Nella miseria."

"Pish!" quoth my infernal friend, with a merry and encouraging look; "away with all dull cares! Follow my advice; think not of the past, because, as Terence justly says, 'factum infectum fieri nequit;' make the best use you can of the present, and don't be much perplexed about futurity, for 'what must happen will happen,' do what you may. Therefore, cheer up." "I admire the soundness of your counsel, but you know that I have not much of a philosopher in me," said I to Asmodeus. "Aye, aye, but you must be a philosopher," responded the devil, "if you wish to live at all comfortably amongst your fellow-creatures. Nay, you ought to imitate Democritus, and laugh at every thing. But now I engage you to contemplate the unrivalled view of the bay of Naples. Look down," continued Asmodeus; "that small island beneath us is Capri. There Tiberius spent the last seven years of his life in degrading voluptuousness and infamous cruelty. Now that city on your right hand, which forms the point of the bay, is Sorrento, justly renowned for having been the birth-place of the immortal Torquato Tasso,

* The Strappado is an instrument of punishment employed to extort from supposed offenders the confession of their crimes and associates. The hands of the offender are tied behind his back; he is raised into the air by means of a rope, and then is allowed to fall suddenly to the ground, which causes the dislocation of his shoulder bones, and a dreadful torment.

the most unfortunate of modern poets. Beyond Sorrento you see those magnificent villas and residences projecting on the shores. That is Castello à Mare, a most delightful and fashionable place during the summer season. A little further towards La Costa on the route to Pæstum, observe the half-burned Torre del Greco, and the venerable disinterred ruins of Pompeii and Stabiæ. The favourite, the splendid palace of Portici, and all those luxuriant villas which follow, are built on the site of ancient Herculaneum. Behind them you may easily discern Mount Vesuvius, which is darkening the atmosphere with the immense volumes of its greyish smoke. Santo Jorio, the Granatiello, and La Maddalena are the next ornaments of the bay. Now turn towards your left. Pozzuoli with its natural wonders and its stupendous remains of antiquity, begins the other side of the bay. Those evergreen hills, adorned with villas and palaces, are called La Spiaggia di Posilipo, and that useful new road which reaches as far as Chiaja, was projected and opened by the unfortunate Murat. Those charming gardens on the shore are La Villa Reale, which is almost united to the Chiatamone and Santa Lucia. Look beneath you towards the same side. Those two highly cultivated islands are Ischia and Procida, both celebrated for salubrity of climate, for their medicinal springs and baths, and for their delicious wines. Almost in the centre of this enchanting amphitheatre, you may now admire the luxurious and lovely Parthenope, proud of its natural charms and of its numerous works of art, guarded on the sea-side by the Fortino del Carmine, Castel Nuovo, Castel dell' Uovo, and by the fortifications of Posilipo. That strong and elevated fortress is Sant' Elmo; it commands the whole city on every direction, and defends it against all internal popular commotions. The harbour, as you see, is thinly stocked both with naval and commercial vessels because industry, and commerce are not only paralysed, but almost forbidden. The Mole was crammed with sailors, fishermen, and lazzaroni; and the Villa Reale and Strada Toledo were filled with fashionable visitors of all nations, it being nearly two o'clock and a most beautiful day. I am not surprised at the *dolce far niente* of the Neapolitans," said I to Asmodeus. "What! what!" hastily answered the devil with a frown; their *dolce far niente* is forced upon them by their ignorant and despotic government. As the same soil well cultivated always produces the same fruits, and even improves with time; thus a nation would always engender the same people, if those who direct its education were not selfish, superstitious, and slave-mongers." "But where will you alight," enquired my Cicerone?" I expressed my wish of visiting an old acquaintance of mine who lived at Copodimonte, because he, being an instructed man who had travelled over a great part of Europe, was more likely not to be scandalised by my being in company with a devil. My request was complied with, and we soon descended into his residence.

When I presented myself, astonished at my unexpected visit, my friend started from his seat, and said, "Perchè vieni da me? Vuoi rovinarmi? Va via." "Non temer, non temer," replied I, because nobody is acquainted with my being here." "Ma come sei venuto," observed he." Col Diavolo," quoth I." "Corbezzoli! Bravo, bravissimo," resumed my friend with animation. "Ora

sì che sei veramente perfetto. Non ti mancava che ciò. Dov' è il tuo diavolo ?" "Eccomi, eccomi," cried Asmodeus, showing himself. "Ebbene," said the Neapolitan, "Signor Don Asmodeo, vi ringrazio di tutto cuore di avermi condotto il mio amico. For a long while I have been greatly annoyed by political and epidemic terrors. Oggi almeno pranzereño insieme, ed allegramente. But pray tell me how things go on in England," asked he. "So so," replied I. As usual, the Tories and the Whigs struggle for places and emoluments; the Radicals make great noise and do no good; and the people groan, murmur, and begin to lose their patience. "A-propos," said the Neapolitan, "how does Lord Brougham do? We have been told that he is quite undone both in health and influence." "Not at all," replied I; "in despite of his revilers and of the Tories, he is perfectly restored to health and vigour; I saw him the other day, and he truly looked twenty years younger." "I am very glad to hear it," quoth my friend, "because I have always considered him a great man." "And so he is," subjoined Asmodeus; "he has, however, committed a great fault, he ought never to have accepted the peerage. The House of Commons wanted his talents and his wonderful activity. As it is, he may still be of much utility to his nation in the Upper House, and I think he will." "Ma dimmi un poco," said I to my friend, "come vanno gli affari in Napoli." "Malissimo, peggio che mai," answered he. "We are oppressed by despotic laws, we are impoverished both by taxation and by the preventive system of commerce, the priests and monks have become more numerous and more powerful than ever, and the political inquisition is overbearing. However, the present state cannot last much longer." "How has the cholera treated you?" asked I. "Why, our physicians were more frightened of it than even our Lazzaroni. said he. I assure you that *la paura ha fatto più male* than the cholera, and the government, taking advantage of every misfortune, through its ecclesiastical supporters, has gained much in favour of its absolutism." "Now, will you inform me, what you think of the late fire of the Royal Palace," questioned I. "Non saprei che dirti di certo," rejoined he; "corre voce, che i Carbonari hanno voluto carbonizzare il Re e tutta la famiglia; but it appears that the mine failed, and the people will be obliged to pay a good deal more than it will cost to repair the damage done; for you know that the Bourbons are all infected with the disease of craftiness and avarice." While he was still speaking, a servant came in to announce that the dinner was on the table. "Andiamo," said the Neapolitan; "Con piacere," quoth I; "Con piacere," echoed Asmodeus.

After having partaken of an excellent dinner, and drank of the best Lacrima-Christi and Montepulciano; Asmodeus and I took leave of my friend, who, in shaking hands said to me, smiling, "Il Diavolo t'accompagni." "Grazie molte," replied I, "and, arm in arm with the Devil, we walked through Toledo to the Mole. There numberless Lazzaroni were assembled, listening to an old man who, standing on a bench, was reciting to them from the "Jerusalem" of Tasso, and then explained the finest passages which relate the exploits of Tancredi and Rinaldo. He must have

performed well his character, because not only he shed tears himself, but by his acting he excited so much the feelings of his hearers, that they also sobbed, sighed, and cried. While I was going to ask of Asmodeus what it meant, all of a sudden a great confusion took place amongst the Lazzaroni. At first they abused each other with stentorian voices and dreadful imprecations; then they began to fight both with their fists and feet, and lastly with pebbles and flint-stones, and consequently several of them were severely hurt and bruised. This Lazzaronian fray would probably have lasted much longer, had not a strong picket of soldiers been discovered marching towards the Mole, and, at its appearance, *scappa, scappa*, was the general cry of the combatants, and sooner than I can write it down, they were all out of sight.

Tranquillity having been restored, I enquired of a Neapolitan by-stander, "Cosa mai ha prodotto quella zuffa?" "Niente, niente, bagattelle, Signore," answered he, smiling. "I Tancredisti e i Rinaldisti hanno fatto a pugna, a calci e a pietre ed ora son forse tutti insieme a mangiar maccheroni. Ecco tutto." As I did not perfectly understand the exact meaning of this laconic reply, I requested an explanation; when he said—"Our Lazzaroni are indeed strange fellows; they are, however, greatly misrepresented and calumniated, for, although idle and superstitious, they are also very sober and honest on the whole. Their religious creed is extremely foolish, because, according to them, San Gennaro, the patron of Naples, is the greatest and most powerful in heaven. The Madonna del Carmine is next to him in power and goodness. Then they reverence Gesù Maria, Gesù Cristo, and Gesù Nazareno, who, in their opinion, are three sons of the Madonna, and after them St. Joseph, and God Almighty, but they very seldom, or never enter into a church. With regard to politics, they profess none, but are under the control of the *Capopuopolo*, whom they choose from amongst themselves to represent Masaniello, to whose memory they pay the greatest respect. The *Capopuopolo* is much esteemed by the government, and is even admitted at court on account of his extraordinary influence over his constituency. Nay, if this modern Masaniello were not on the spot no public execution or ceremony could take place without tumult. True Lazzaroni will denounce a thief and prevent a premeditated assault. Between themselves they get often into a great passion almost for nothing; quarrel, fight, but become friends again immediately. They are divided into two chivalrous sects; some admire Tancredi, and others idolize Rinaldo. The latter assert that without the great aid of their idol the Christian Crusaders must have been annihilated by the Turks, while the former pretend that their hero was the greatest and most useful warrior under Goffredo. On this subject, therefore, they come to blows almost every day. Ebbene," added he, "il lor poeta ha loro poco fà recitato la morte di Clorinda. The Rinaldisti have spoken against Tancredi for having slain that beautiful and valorous female warrior. The Tancredisti have of course strongly defended the conduct of their hero; the fight has begun, e voi ne avete già veduto il fine ridicolo."

Having thanked my kind informant, I said to Asmodeus "Now let us start again for London, because I wish to be there early to-morrow as

I must pay a small bill, and—" "And," interrupted the devil, making a sneering grimace, "you are of course afraid to dishonour it. Bravo! that is exactly as it ought to be. Faith, I will let you have a patent for punctuality, as at present it is out of fashion to pay debts." "It is nearly so," quoth I, "with regard to great folks, noble lords, and M.P.'s, but it is quite the reverse with little debtors, especially if they fall into the hands of some merciless lawyer. Nay, I know that not long ago a brutal and heartless Anglo-German attorney, by his writs, declarations, summonses, and tricks, very soon transformed 10*l.* 1*l.* 6*d.* into a sum sufficient to empower him to arrest and plunge a man into a degrading prison, and thus dishonour him for life. Therefore I beg of you, let us go." "Well, well," replied Asmodeus, "don't fear of being arrested, if even your bill were in the possession of that legal Anglo-German beast, because we shall be in London before twelve o'clock to-night, although we will pay a short visit to Rome during our passage."

Highly pleased with the extreme kindness of my good devil, I accompanied him to the Meridian Coffee-house, at the corner of Toledo, between Piazza Reale and Piazza San Ferdinando, and after having taken some refreshments we resumed our voyage. In passing over the Pontine Marshes Asmodeus showed me a troop of banditti, who from the neighbourhood of Cisterna and Tretorri were transporting into the interior of the wood a great booty, which, during that day, they had taken from rich travellers. A little further, between Nepi and Genzano, he made me remark another band that conducted two Jesuits, and a lady and gentleman, all blind-folded. "Look there," observed Asmodeus, "They will be brought into the cavern of the banditti, there to remain until their friends shall have paid the ransom imposed upon them; and if what they demand is not paid within a fixed time, they must pay with their lives." "But what can they expect from the Jesuits?" inquired I. "What!" said Asmodeus, surprised at my question; "Those two Jesuits are the best hostages that the banditti could get, as they will produce to the band a greater and surer benefit than twenty secular prisoners would, because their convent will certainly pay any ransom; and, in order that the world should not know that they possess immense wealth and riches, nobody will be informed of it; on the other hand, when secular travellers pay a ransom for their liberty they almost always report it to the government, and thus expose the band to greater persecution." "And how do the banditti know, when rich travellers are to pass through the Marshes or are sporting in the environs of Rome?" "How, you ask?" answered Asmodeus; "Why, the very persons employed by the Roman and Neapolitan governments against them are their informants, and receive in exchange great sums of money for their services. Nay, I must also tell you, that some of the clerks of the principal bankers both of Rome and Naples are their correspondents, and furnish them with the names and wealth of those foreigners who travel between those capitals, in order that, if what they carry with them is not thought a sufficient booty, they may be ransomed accordingly." "Oh, what is this world!" muttered I. Asmodeus laughed at my exclamation, saying, "Look there, that is the once majestic *City of the Se-*

ven Hills. Behold the present *Roma la Santa*, peopled by priests and monks, who domineer despotically over the indolent, ignorant, and superstitious descendants of the ancient Romans."

"I wish I had been there during the Carnival," quoth I. "Pooh!" rejoined Asmodeus, "You would not have been amused, because it has been a very dull Carnival this year in consequence of the dread of the cholera and the extraordinary rigours of the police. *Entre nous*, the best and most interesting masquerade that appeared in the Corso during the late bacchanalia was his ex-most faithful Majesty Don Miguel of Portugal, with his faithful Dons, riding unmasked in splendid English equipages. But I will show you now a sight, which is worthy a thousand Carnivals;" in saying which, the devil directed my telescope towards a church near Piazza Navona, and added, "Do you see?" "Yes," answered I, "I see that it is crammed with people, but I do not perceive a single lady." "No lady," resumed Asmodeus, "is allowed to enter it on such an occasion as the present." "Why not?" questioned I. "Why?" replied the devil, "because this evening the lay brethren of the congregation *Della Madonna dei sette dolori*, to make amends for their trespasses of the Carnival, meet there to hear a sermon of their chaplain, who is a Jesuit, and then end the pious ceremony by inflicting on themselves a severe flagellation." "If so," observed I, "it must be a most capital sight. Let us go and witness such a performance." Asmodeus complied, and we soon placed ourselves under the pulpit, in front of the congregation. Unluckily for us, the chaplain preached for more than an hour on the certainty of death and on the uncertainty of its approach, during which time Asmodeus did nothing but yawn, and I fell almost asleep. When the sermon was over, the penitent brethren placed themselves in files in the middle of the church, all the lights were removed, and thus the whole congregation remained in perfect darkness. Then some of them twisted their handkerchiefs, others drew from their pockets small iron chains, and a great many armed their right hands with pieces of strong knotted ropes. The chaplain having at last begun to recite in Latin, and very slowly, the 51st Psalm of David, the general flagellation commenced with vigour and fervour. I could scarcely help laughing at such a ludicrous and hypocritical spectacle; but when Asmodeus made me remark that some of the brethren, instead of chastising their own shoulders, inflicted dreadful blows on the backs of those who were kneeling before them, I nearly fainted in consequence of a spasmodic fit of laughter. "Well," quoth Asmodeus, "did I not tell you that you would be greatly amused? but you have not yet seen the best of it. Be on your guard, and don't be frightened, because I am going to play them a trick, which will serve as a punishment to their folly and hypocrisy." In fact, when the flagellation ceased and just as the chaplain said *Oremus*, a sudden flash of lightning, accompanied by a tremendous clap of thunder and followed by the appalling noise of broken glasses and falling stones, terrified the penitents so much, that, screaming aloud *Misericordia, Pietà*, the whole of them immediately took to a precipitate and confused flight, leaving behind their cloaks, hats, sticks, and umbrellas. The poor fat chaplain alone lay headlong and bleeding on the ground,

because when he endeavoured to imitate the example of his congregation the devil caught one of his legs, and caused him to have a heavy fall. As he seemed almost agonizing with fear, I said,

"Sume animum, reverende pater, depone timorem ;
Doemonis arte, modo tonuit cum fulgure ; surge
Haud ruet hoc templum" * * *

"*In nomine Jesu, abi Satana,*" exclaimed the Jesuit, suddenly crossing himself. However, not on account of his threatening conjuration, but of our own accord we left the church.

The panic-struck brethren tremblingly expected every instant to witness the ruin of their chapel, and were gazing on it from the Piazza Navona with amazement and anxiety, when Asmodeus poured towards them a torrent of bituminous inflamed smoke, which, increasing their terror, made them run again quicker than hunted stags. After this we resumed our aerial excursion London-wards.

The night was most beautiful, the atmosphere cloudless and serene, the stars twinkled admirably ; the milky-way, with its numerous constellations, recalled to my mind those mythological subjects which in my youth had so much interested me, and the bright shining moon, illuminating with her silvery rays both the continent and the ocean, rendered visible to us all the places over which we travelled. During the voyage Asmodeus continued extremely merry, amusing, and instructive, and conversed very kindly with me on politics, literature, and arts ; but just as I was going to ask him some advice the sound of a bell broke upon my ears. "Where are we now ?" inquired I. "On Shooter's Hill," answered he, "it is striking eleven o'clock by St. Paul's ; so you see that I have fulfilled my promise. I shall soon deposit you in the very room, whence I took you away this morning ; but within a few days I will pay you another visit, when I shall show you London by night, previous to our departure for Petersburg and Warsaw. While I was still thanking my good devil, the boat stopped before my window, I alighted ; and Asmodeus, having most affectionately shaken hands with me, said "Good night," and disappeared.

(To be continued.)

A MAGGIO.

MAGGIO gentil, che vieni
A ornar di fior la terra
Apporta all' Inghilterra
Ogni prosperità.

Negli ostinati seni
Dei Tori muta il core,
E desta in lor l' amore
Di patria, e libertà.

F. M.

THE FRENCH POETS AND NOVELISTS.

THE "Quarterly Review" some time ago put forth a fulminating article against French novels. In this article the origin of political revolution in France was attributed to the depraved taste of the nation with regard to literature, a proposition no less ridiculous than unfounded. To suppose that the insurrection of 1830,—an insurrection having for its object the working of a great and glorious change in the liberties of a mighty people,—depended on the licentiousness of novels and dramas, is to believe that the heated imaginations of men were fired rather by the contents of a circulating library than influenced by a just sense of wrong and oppression. That certain political pamphlets or articles in liberal journals may more or less guide the public mind, and teach the indolent and careless to think for themselves, is certain; but that works abounding with voluptuousness and licentiousness can produce the same results is a speculation as palpably false, as it is adventurously put forward.

These preliminary remarks may seem to imply an acknowledgment on our parts, that the aspersion generally cast on French novels by the writer in the "Quarterly Review" is correct and well founded. Such acknowledgment, however, we do not mean to make unconditionally nor without qualification.

The writer in the "Quarterly" has a most marvellous facility of stringing together a variety of epithets, that we only expect to see in the police reports of the "Weekly Dispatch" or "Bell's Life in London." "A vulgar, stupid, and ugly maid-servant of an obscure house had attractions for Jean Jacques Rousseau;" and what then? Why, it follows that his taste was not the best in the world, and that this, as far as regarded himself, was a matter more to deplore than to condemn. "A baser, meaner, filthier scoundrel never polluted society than Rousseau." This is partially true: but does the fact depreciate the value of his excellent writings? Is it not the substance of the book we look at, and not the man who wrote it? Supposing it had been published anonymously, would the world have found its style more faultless, its argument more pointed, its elucidations more clear, and its exposition of tyranny and injustice more palpable than while it bore his name? And are the theories of the "Contrat Social" as vain, as absurd, and as fatal in their practice as the writer in the "Quarterly" would endeavour to make them appear? No—for the sovereignty of the people is indisputably the people's right; and no one can deny a nation's privilege to choose its own governors. As for Rousseau's works, in which he attacks the fundamental principles and the excellence of the doctrines of the Christian religion, who shall dare, in times of research and enterprise, to revile a man because, not having any power over volition, he differs in his sectarian principles from the rest of a small portion of the denizens of earth? It is only from the propagation of theories that correct systems arise. The diversified speculations of men afford grounds for the thinking

philosopher to arrive at axioms and to banish doubts. Had Tycho Br    never written, Copernicus would have remained silent: had not the industrious Newton investigated the errors of Descartes, the world might still have been in comparative darkness relative to many propositions now demonstrated.

But, according to the "Quarterly," had a revolution taken place in England some fifty or sixty years ago, it might have been attributed to the works of Fielding and Smollett; at least this is a parallel to the reasoning of the said "Quarterly." But we beg to inform our readers that *no* French novels contain such indecent pictures nor such gross language as are to be met with in the writings of those authors; and, to go back two centuries and a half, in no French dramas are there found scenes equal in licentiousness to those that the reader meets with in "Pericles, Prince of Tyre," "Cymbeline," "Troilus and Cressida," &c., of Shakspeare.

After some rambling abuse, equally remarkable for its want of talent and of truth, the writer in the "Quarterly" commences his grand cannonade with a formidable attack on M. Charles Paul de Kock. We are far from quoting the works of this author as specimens of morality, but we mean to assert that the occasional scenes, where a certain looseness prevails, are not so essentially prejudicial to the cause of virtue and of temperance, nor painted in such glowing colours, as the critic in the "Quarterly" would seem to infer. As for any vulgarity of style, Paul de Kock's wit cannot be called vulgar nor low: but we strongly suspect that the said critic is not very familiar with the French language, and consequently is not aware of the exact meaning of certain words which he fancies to have certain parallels in his own tongue. We could give many instances of this nature, but prefer leaving our readers to the results of their own reflections. In "Le Barbier de Paris" there are many admirable touches of deep feeling; the whole is a true picture of human life in those ages of chivalry and barbarism in which the scene is laid; and if Walter Scott consecrated the actions of the savage and licentious ruffians of the olden time, who were called "gentle knights," P. de Kock has not at least been guilty of exaggeration in his delineation of the good and bad qualities of ancient characters, morals, and manners. But as de Kock is one of the most important and most celebrated of French novelists, we shall proceed to examine his principal works in detail.

The writings of Paul de Kock are numerous. Amongst his best are "Le Barbier de Paris," "S   ur Anne," "Jean," "M. Dupont," and "Le Cocu." The first of these here enumerated is a romance somewhat in the Radcliffe style;—the adoption, by a barber, of a girl whose father is unknown, a secret source of wealth which the barber possesses, then a marquis, to whose vicious pleasures the barber is a pander. That marquis falls in love with Blanche, the adopted girl, an *enl   vement* necessarily succeeds, and the *d   nouement* of the tale elucidates the mysteries in the regular German fashion. Touquet, the barber, has murdered the supposed father of Blanche, and Blanche is the marquis's daughter. The last chapter is peculiarly interesting. Blanche is immured in a chamber in the marquis's

country-house—the window of that chamber looks upon a lake ; she is resolved how to act, should the nobleman dare attempt to force the door of her apartment, and she expects the succour of her lover Urban, who is actually in the vicinity of the chateau. Presently the marquis approaches the door of her room ; but it is to embrace her whom he has only a few moments ago discovered to be his child. Blanche trembles, but she has decided in her own mind what step to take. She fancies the intended ravisher of innocence is near, and she leaps from the window ; the lake receives her beneath. Her lover, who is in the park, sees the fall and throws himself into the water. He succeeds in dragging her to the land ; and at that moment the marquis, who had followed his daughter, swam also on shore. They endeavoured to recover her ; the one implored her to open her eyes in the name of a parent, the other in that of a lover. But Blanche answered not—the vital spark had fled, and she remained a corpse between the two individuals who deplored her.

There is one very excellent character in the “Barber of Paris ;” it is the Chevalier Chaudoreille, who never opens his lips but to tell a lie. He is employed by the barber in a variety of ways, and universally endeavours to pass himself off as a great man. “Those women,” said he, “those women, *cadédis !*” (his favourite oath) “are ruinous ! *Sacrédié !* were it not for them I should be rich ; but I ruin myself for their smiles. *Eh ! bien*—never mind : I have only to look kindly with my killing eyes upon some duchess or dowager, and I can be bravely clad in a minute.” This worthy gentleman is a native of Gascony, and of course as great a rogue as he is a liar. Paul de Kock is fond of lashing the failings of men through the *medium* of characters of this kind. He shows us the folly of assuming that which we are not entitled to ; he represents the inconsistency of affecting the rich and the valiant, the gallant and the gay, when both pocket and stomach are empty. Chaudoreille, who proclaims himself a very *raffiné d’honneur*, is the greatest coward in the world. Hence may we learn to mistrust the empty vaunts and superficial boastings of those individuals who “have killed their man,” or who “are ready to go out whenever they have an opportunity.”

“*Sœur Anne*” is a most affecting tale. A poor dumb girl becomes the victim of the seducer’s desires. The son and heir of a rich nobleman succeeds in possessing himself of her person, and although he faithfully remains near her during the first few months of illicit pleasure, circumstances oblige him eventually to return home to the paternal dwelling. Time wears away ; he marries ; and “*Sister Anne*” leaves her cottage, to go to Paris and seek her lover. A thousand perils is she obliged to encounter ; a hundred difficulties is she condemned to experience. Her lover’s wife is in the country ; she finds her way accidentally to the mansion of Celine, for that is the name of her successful rival, and by that rival she is received in friendship, in ignorance of who she is. Her lover is away from home ; he returns—then comes the sad *dénouement* of the tale. “*Sister Anne*” has a child, the fruit of her illicit amour, and she and her infant sleep in a wing detached from the main body of the house. Her apartment catches fire—she is with her lover in the garden—the

sight of the devouring flames unties her tongue—and, as an accident originally struck her dumb, so now a similar occurrence restores her long-lost faculty of speech. “My child—my child—oh! save my child!” and the child is saved: but “Sœur Anne” lives not to see it grow, nor to hear the word “Mother” from its lisping tongue—she dies in early youth, broken-hearted, and only consoled by the assurance of a paternal home for her child.

Dubourg in “Sœur Anne” is the parallel to Chaudoreille in “Le Barbier de Paris;” but his character is, if any thing, more amusing; and the various shifts to which he and a poor tutor are reduced, in order to obtain wherewith to support life, the ridiculous impositions put upon that tutor (Ménard) by Dubourg, and the infamous lies he is the author of, added to the dilemmas into which he works himself and his companions by means of his falsehoods—these again point out useful lessons, afford good examples, and place the vices of the world forcibly in their proper light.

“Jean” is exquisitely witty. In few of his works has Paul de Kock displayed so much humour as in this. All the peculiarities of the French, youthful and aged, are brought to view. The first chapter is delicious; M. Durand, a herbalist, is called up in the middle of the night to fetch the doctor and the nurse for his wife, who is about to give birth to a child. M. Durand is not the bravest man in existence; and as he traverses one of the streets of Paris, he sees a drunken wretch reeling about in that glorious state which defies all control. The attenuated imagination of M. Durand instantly converts the drunkard into a thief, so that the poor herbalist takes to his heels, and hurries towards the street where the nurse lives. He forgets the number of the house, and, in his affright, he knocks at the doors of several, crying out “*La garde! la garde!*” (The nurse! the nurse!) which also means “The guard! the guard!” He arrives home without any accident, and gives his wife, and a neighbour who has kindly dropped in, a fine description of his walk, or rather run. Meantime the labour-pains increase: a loud knocking at the front door seems to promise the assistance of the nurse or the doctor; the door opens, and as Madame Durand gives birth to a son, who should enter the room but a corporal and four soldiers, crying in a terrible voice, “Where are the robbers?”

The fact was, that the neighbourhood, alarmed by the cries of Durand in the street, and hearing him hallooing after “*la garde!*” fancied he was summoning military assistance instead of a nurse; and up to the period when the history takes leave of her, the servant continually declared that Monsieur Durand had expressly called in a regiment of soldiers to see his wife brought to bed.

There are some admirable characters in “Jean.” Belle-queue the retired barber, Mistigris the dancing-master, and father Chopard, are exquisite. There is also Madame Ledoux, the widow of three husbands, and the mother of fourteen children. In conversation she universally alludes to the sheriffs-officer, the stationer, or the cabinet-maker, her departed lords; and she is continually making comparisons between other people’s children and her thirteenth, or ninth, or seventh child, she forgets which; but she declares in

Madame Durand's case that she has never known so military an *accouchement*. She had heard of military funerals, military weddings, but never of military births.

John, the hero of this novel, is at first a good-for-nothing fellow, who does nought but drink, smoke, play billiards, and spend money. He is moreover fond of all childish tricks, and swears most horribly. But love, all-powerful love, before whose darts fall vanquished kings, princes, and nobles—love,

Who rules the court, the camp, the grove,
And men below, and saints above;
For love is heav'n, and heav'n is love—

love makes him reflect, causes him to look into himself, shows him to himself in all his deformity of manners and habits, and obliges him to abandon his low-life pursuits: in fine, he becomes an altered man. The conclusion is easily divined. How should the novel end save in a marriage? The lady, Caroline Dorville, the object of Jean's attachment, becomes sensible of the youth's merits since his change of behaviour; she also entertains a reciprocal attachment, and, despite of the mean devices of their enemies, they are united in matrimonial bonds.

"Where is the moral," the "Quarterly Review" may ask, "in this novel?" The moral is, that however bad our propensities may be, however degraded are our associates, however vicious our pursuits, repentance is seldom too late, and a joyous dawn may brighten on the clouds of an obscure night. Paul de Kock knows well how to keep up the interest of his tales till the last. In those where there are mysteries, few would guess the *dénouement*; and in those where there are not, the mind is never wearied of dwelling upon the work, although no elucidation of any thing as yet unaccounted for be anticipated at the end. We know but very few novels where there is no mystery, and only one where there is no heroine; this is "Caleb Williams," for Miss Melville cannot be called the heroine of the tale; her history is merely an episode. We know many *books* written for amusement and not for instruction, where there is no heroine, but only that one *novel*.

Even to the events and the adventures of childhood M. de Kock gives an essential interest. The early years of Jean are the most amusing parts of the book. But let us say one word upon "M. Dupont."

Monsieur Dupont is a grocer, and he falls in love, very naturally, with a beautiful girl, whose nomenclature is far from sentimental. "Miss Montounet"—atrocious appellation!—has, however, her own *cher ami*, Adolphe. Adolphe is the unsuccessful suitor—Dupont becomes the bridegroom. And here there are certain details of the marriage ceremony which decency obliges us to pass over: suffice it to say that M. Dupont insists upon having thistles tied to the horses' tails, and nosegays placed between their ears. The occasional remarks of an old clerk, Bidois, are particularly *piquant*. In this character Paul de Kock combines much of humour, honesty, and curiosity: Bidois has all the wit of Dubourg and Chaudoreille, without their viciousness; and his patience on many occasions is worthy of an imitator of the

ancient Job. Distress and sorrow on the part of Eugène, late Eugène Montounet, now Dupont, are the consequences of the marriage; and she dreams of nothing but Adolphe, whom poverty had rendered unsuccessful in his suit. She moreover bars her doors against Dupont, and the disconsolate husband in vain wishes for an heir to his wealth. Circumstances oblige Dupont to undertake a journey to a distant town; in the meantime Eugène has proofs of Adolphe's infidelity; she sees him with a mistress, and repents of her conduct towards her lawful husband. She therefore writes to Dupont, and tells him of her change of disposition in his favour. The enraptured Dupont hastens to return to his wife; his speed gives occasion for many pleasant remarks and many laughable occurrences on the road; and the publicity he gave to the object of his journey afforded much amusement to the innkeepers and servants whom he encountered at the various hotels. But, alas! Dupont never reached his home! By means of a power which authors have at their control, and which they can use at discretion to disembarass themselves of troublesome characters in their works, even as the immortal Shakspeare was fain to do with Mercutio in "*Romeo and Juliet*;" by means of death, for an author's agency in such dilemmas is no other, Paul de Kock gets rid of Dupont, and concludes his tale with the happy reconciliation of Eugène and Adolphe (who is now a rich man through the decease of an uncle), and their speedy union. From this narrative parents may learn how useless and dangerous it is to thwart the inclinations of their children; and old men will see the folly of making young girls miserable by entangling them in a matrimonial web, which the unfortunate victims of hoary lust or paternal avarice regard as the fly does the dwelling of the spider, while the old husband is as obnoxious as the spider itself.

Having expended a considerable portion of his venom on Paul de Kock, the critic in the "*Quarterly*" proceeds to attack Victor Hugo, and asserts without advancing one iota of any kind of proof, without even quoting one passage from the book, that "*Notre Dame de Paris*" is an imitation of Walter Scott, whom it resembles as much as Goose Gibbie in his helmet and buff coat might resemble the noble chivalry of Lord Evandale.* We are therefore to suppose, *first*, that because the scenes of "*Quentin Durward*" and "*Notre Dame de Paris*" are laid in the time of Louis the Eleventh of France, and that "*Quentin Durward*" was written prior to the other work, "*Notre Dame de Paris*" is consequently an imitation of "*Quentin Durward*;" and *secondly*, because the critic declares the romance of Victor Hugo to be despicable when compared with the novel of Walter Scott, that we must believe him and allow his opinion to be infallible. But he has no right to make an assertion which illiberal prejudices occasioned, without advancing some argument to support it; for if he think that the mere fact of his article being in the "*Quarterly*" will consecrate misrepresentation, he is essentially mistaken.

The romantic genius of Victor Hugo is appalled by no literary undertaking, and shrinks from no labour, however difficult, however

* Old Mortality.

grand be the subject. We maintain that he has successfully competed with the great Northern writer now no more; we have seen him throw round a low girl—an obscure being—that halo of all-absorbing interest which hitherto had been attached to queens or princesses, and which never may be forgotten by him who has read “*Notre Dame de Paris*.” But the age of romance has yielded to a brighter one—when facts are less darkened by the shadows of gloom, of terror, and of mystery, which the votaries of the Maturin and the Radcliffe schools, following the example of their German predecessors, were delighted to mingle amongst the incidents of their tales. Victor Hugo attempted to revive in part that exploded style, and to introduce fresh horrors* to the world instead of the light, the witty, and the captivating novels so successfully produced by some of his cotemporary countrymen. As well might he have endeavoured to propagate for any length of time the physics of Descartes or the theories of Leibnitz. He failed—and he stood, and he stands alone as the patron of a school whose decay is not to be deplored.

He has since flown to the other resources of his richly treasured mind, like the bee vacillating from flower to flower whence he collects the varied stores that are soon to become the delight of men. But if he have not been so eminent in tragedy as the strength of his former writings seemed to prognosticate, we may scarcely marvel; for there is that same vein of romance, that soul-harrowing interest, that “pleasing pain,” that love of aught terrible, pervading his plays, which originally marked his novels. Still the language of many passages in these plays is striking, powerful, affecting, or beautiful; let us quote an instance. The sentence we would cite is in “*Lucrece Borgia*”—it is addressed by a son to his mother—a son who is not aware that he is speaking to his mother:—

“I know that I have a mother, and that she is unhappy; and willingly would I lay down my present life to see her weep, and all my future hopes in another to see her smile.”

Sublimity, tenderness, hope, despair, passion, and energy, are all combined in these few words!

Victor Hugo's last work is the “*Songs of Twilight*.” We have carefully perused this volume, and have reperused it with pleasure. But the object of its contents is not to be understood by a superficial reader, who, when he had arrived at the conclusion, would ask, “Wherefore are they called ‘*Chants du Crepuscule*?’” And many might ask the same question, for “*An Ode to the Heroes of the 29th of July*”—another “*To the Column in the Place Vendôme*”—another “*To the Duke of Orleans*,” and so on—these seem totally unconnected with the title of the book. But the title is explanatory of the nature of the songs; for their object is to show how the present age hovers so strangely between a state of barbarism and a state of civilization—how the mind of man and society in general are so enveloped in a species of enlightened gloom, doubt and conviction, hope and fear, dread and callousness, knowledge and ignorance, freedom and slavery, that the actual condition of the world resembles twilight.

* Witness “*Bug Jargal*” and “*Hans d'Island*.”

"Hence," as the author says in his preface, "the reader may account for those tender couplets closed by others of complaint—that calmness touched with melancholy—those sighs of delight—that feebleness suddenly reviving—that resigned infelicity—those profound sorrows which excite the very surface of the sea of poetry—those political tumults contemplated with serenity—those holy wanderings from public to domestic matters—that dread of mundane affairs proceeding darkly, and then again those intervals of joyous and burning hope that the human species yet may flourish to excel."—*Pref. p. 2.*

Hugo's verses are harmonious, but his sentiments are occasionally common-place—his meaning is often obscure, his similes frequently feeble, and his satire robbed by mystification of half its point. On the other hand, a pure patriotic feeling of national pride, a just idea of political rights and liberties, a dread of absolute power, an admiration of all that is virtuous,—these are the principal merits of the author. The conversations in the "*Songs of Twilight*," or "*Chants du Crépuscule*,"—conversations over which the scheme of poetic fiction, hyperbole, and amplification, throws an essential interest, although the realities of life and of mundane affairs be more attended to than the serene sympathy and unison of feeling existing between a lover and his mistress,—conversations, where the plenitude of deep thought is too frequently embarrassed with moralizing speculations and religious controversy but little suited to the schools of love; those conversations are replete with beautiful imagery and brilliant metaphor.

But we have already said sufficient on Victor Hugo's last work: and now let us return to the abuse of the "*Quarterly*," still following its criticisms on the same author. In that periodical we find "*Le Dernier Jour d'un Condamné*" vituperated, the reader will never guess wherefore,—simply because it is printed "in a diffuse style, divided into many chapters; and each chapter is so short and so carefully separated by blank leaves and open spaces, that of 312 pages, of which the volume consists, there are but 158, or about one-half, of letter-press." Now as the article in the "*Quarterly*" is intended to be an attack on authors, and not on printers and publishers, we cannot conceive an imagination so depraved as one that can invent a sentence like that above quoted; as if Victor Hugo attended to the arrangements made by Monsieur Eugene Renduel, publisher, who purchased the copyright.

The fact is that "*Le Dernier Jour d'un Condamné*" is one of the most useful books* lately published. Its principal aim is to deter men from committing crimes of so black a nature as to endanger their lives in the grasp of criminal justice, and by representing the tortures of a condemned malefactor's mind as he draws nearer towards the fatal day, M. Hugo hoped to work a favourable impression on those individuals whose souls are deaf to the whisperings of virtue and callous to the stings of conscience. Moreover the language is fine, the ideas often grand in their conception, and the interest excited by the work unbroken, although there be no regularly connected tale.

* This novel was published about ten years ago.—ED.

With regard to "Notre Dame de Paris," much might be said in its favour; and we would rather consult its pages as authority relative to the court of Louis XI. than trust to the statements of "Quentin Durward." The character of Esmeralda is one of the brightest inventions, that ever gave lustre and interest to the work of a novelist; and certainly we must rather believe that in those times the knights and warriors were more like Captain Phœbus de Chateaupers than Quentin Durward. Quasimodo is inimitable, Claude Frolbo alone does infinite credit to the imaginative powers of any writer, and the *dénouement* is executed with extreme power and energy. The fifth edition of this work, consisting of *thirteen thousand copies*, is now nearly sold off. We were assured by Eugène Renduel himself, that he gave 60,000 francs, or 2,400*l.* sterling, for the copyright of this edition only.

Having thus far combated the false reasoning and rectified the misrepresentations in the "Quarterly," relative to French authors, we shall postpone the conclusion of our article to the next number of our Magazine, and shall then take an opportunity of examining the writings of Alexandre Dumas, Lamartine, George Sand, and De Balzac.

PARISIANS.

(To be concluded in our next.)

TO THE NIGHT WIND.

Launch'd 'neath the shadowy hues of heaven,
I hear thee rush—thou midnight wind!
To thee no resting-place is giv'n,—
Nor home, nor prison canst thou find;
The far wide earth is thine to roam,
Where desert sands, and forests wild,
Reign savagely alone! Thou stir'st the foam
Upon the deep, that as a happy child
Slept tranquilly—rousing to life-like pow'r
Strange harmonies, voiceful amid the scour
Of tempests—peopling the vexed air
With winged phantoms, horrible, or fair—
Sad—changeful as thy wind-blasts fly
Portentous through the starless sky!

E. W. G.

MONTHLY REVIEW OF LITERATURE.

COLONIAL POLITICS.

1. *Auber's Rise and Progress of the British Power in India.* 2 vols. thick 8vo.—Vol. I. W. H. Allen.

2. *Modern India.* By H. H. SPRY, M. D. 2 vols. post 8vo. Whittaker.

3. *First Impressions and Studies from Nature in Hindostan.* By Lieutenant BACON. B. R. H. A. 2 vols. 8vo. plates. W. H. Allen.

THE formation of the Anglo-Indian Empire in the East has furnished one of the most curious and interesting chapters in the history of the world. That a company of merchants should in the course of two centuries have formed a mighty empire of 1,180,000 square miles in extent, inhabited by a population of 120 millions of natives and only 40,000 Europeans,—naturally excites astonishment and raises a suspicion that simple trading and the necessary provision for the protection of the factors and their goods could never have erected so extensive a power in the Indian peninsula. It is not for us, here, to dwell at any length either on the lighter or the darker passages in the history of British India; for most of our readers are conversant with Mill's excellent work,—and the facts carry with them their own comment. Without further allusion to the past, we may fairly allow to the company, as a legislative body, that praise which justice denies it as a commercial engine, namely, that as governors, they have generally exercised a wise discretion by enforcing economy in the administration, and by appointing the fittest men to posts of influence and emolument in that country. It is very doubtful whether the national government would have managed their patronage with half the honesty of the present rulers, notwithstanding the occasional outcries that have been raised against their corruption. As a direct source of revenue to the country, India cannot be said to be very profitable to us; for we never derive a net revenue from it of more than £50,000. Its distance is one great obstacle to economical government; and it cannot be doubted that the monopoly of trade possessed by the Company until 1834 prevented the extension of commerce, and made this vast district of less service to us than Germany or the United States. In half-a-dozen years we shall be able to estimate the amount of good consequent on the opening of the trade.

Having premised these few general remarks, we proceed to say a very few words on Mr. Auber's book,—the first volume of which—carrying the history down to the return of Warren Hastings in 1785—is all that has yet been published. That it has been written by a partizan of the Company no reader of a dozen pages of it can doubt; but he has nevertheless not so far—as a short examination enables us to judge—misstated nor warped facts: and every one is therefore at liberty to draw his own conclusions. The author differs in sentiment from the late Mr. Mill, and is more of a partizan; but, owing to the great quantity of new material that he has brought to bear on his subject, his work is indispensable to all those who wish to become acquainted with the history of his Majesty's Indian territories. The work, as

issuing from the late secretary to the Directors, may be considered as a semi-official document.

The two other works, whose titles we have placed at the head of this notice, are of a much lighter character than that of which mention has been already made, and have no companionship with Malcolm, Mill, or Auber. They both belong indeed to the class of Indian works, of which Heber, Hall, Skinner, Mrs. Graham, and Miss Roberts are the most successful authors:—but yet there is an essential difference in the characters of the two writers and of their writings.

Dr. Spry is a pleasant, easy gentleman—a shrewd observer and a very sensible man. More sober in his sketches of scenery and anecdotes than many of his contemporaries; he does not think it out of place to give *useful* information to the intelligent reader respecting the natural productions, climate, government, and statistics of the countries through which he travelled on his road to and from Cawnpore. If the author had made his book somewhat more practical, it would have pleased us just as well; but no doubt he had to consider for *whom* the book was written. Lieutenant Bacon's "First Impressions" is a very different work. Its author would appear to be a smart, dashing soldier with about as much self-conceit and contempt of other people, as to make him a very amusing, if not a very authentic writer. The naïveté with which he exposes himself by the relation of his odd scrapes and funny adventures is quite *impayable*, inasmuch as he so frequently makes us laugh *at* him instead of *with* him. His views of society, too, are most original, and must have excited many a stare from the well-bred of the society to which his uniform gave him admission. But Lieutenant Bacon is not without some talent. He has a keen eye for beauty in nature, and his skill as a draughtsman is just sufficient to enable him to transfer to paper the objects of his admiration:—he is very fond of the sports of India, and tells his adventures with a gaiety and a graphic power too, that make these portions of his works very interesting. If this merry son of Mars should ever be called on to reprint his "Impressions," he is recommended to eschew science and history, and to adhere simply to his own observation and experience—he must be less of an *auritus* and more of an *oculatus testis*. The Lieutenant's travels in Upper India were more extensive than Dr. Spry's; but the Doctor made a better use of his time. Neither of their works would be injured by compression; but Mr. Bacon's requires a very considerable abridgment and excision of many objectionable passages.

Transportation and Colonization, by the Rev. Dr. J. D. Lang. post 8vo. Valpy.

Felony of New South Wales, by JAMES MUDIE, 8vo. Whaley.

At the present day, when so many efforts are in course of being made by the government and their liberal supporters to reform the abuses which half a century of Tory domination has let creep into the church and state, the subject of colonial reform has very properly met with some attention from the present parliament. We are surprised that New South Wales should not have been treated with the same regard as our American colonies, and that the thousand ills that cry for redress, should have been passed over with scarcely a word of comment from the members of our legislature.

New South Wales is one of the finest countries in the world. Its climate seems to be especially well suited to the constitution of Englishmen; and its natural resources are so plentiful, that a proper employment of them cannot fail to make it the most prosperous of all our colonies—supporting a happy and wealthy population—proud of its parentage, and worthy of the parent country. Whether or not it was a fatal error on the part of our former government to make a penal settlement *at all* in a country blessed with the favoritism of nature, it is not needful here to discuss; nor are we more inclined to argue respecting the expediency or in expediency of transportation as a *for-*

midable and corrective punishment,—for that question has been canvassed by Archbishop Whately with a talent, to which we dare not even aspire. We shall therefore content ourselves with a very brief statement of the evils and abuses connected with that colony, and shall cite from the books under our consideration a few extracts in proof of those statements.

But we must premise a few historical statements respecting penal colonies in general. If we were to coincide with the superficial views of Filangieri, we should trace the punishment of transportation to a high antiquity; but that single statement is sufficient to convict that celebrated politician of very gross ignorance; for banishment in Greece is known by every school-boy of modern times to have been a mulct for political offences—not a visitation for moral delinquency. Under the Roman law, first of all, was banishment first regarded as a moral punishment, although then it was used rather for political offences; but from that time even to a very late period the business of transportation and the choice of abode were left to the criminal. The Portuguese, in modern times, were the first to establish final settlements in Western Africa and in the East Indies. The year 1596 is the earliest period in English history, to which we can trace the establishment of transportation as a punishment for “rogues and vagabonds.” Transportation to the American colonies continued from the reign of James I. to that of George III.; when the settlers, seeing the disadvantages resulting to the free settlers from the convict population, refused to admit any further increase of their numbers. This refusal obliged the home-government to look for some new place of consignment for the criminals; and their accumulation during the war became so frightful, that an immediate remedy became absolutely necessary. The penitentiary plan of Blackstone and Howard having been rejected, confinement in the hulks was first adopted; and subsequently a penal settlement was formed in 1788 at Port Jackson, and in two years the colony was peopled with 2,300 male and 120 female convicts—a very pretty proportion indeed in a settlement of such a nature!

The evils of which the American colonists complained were mere trifles when compared with those which form the subject of Australian grievances. In the former the convict population at the commencement of the American war was only 50,000,—the free settlers being 1,800,000; while in Australia the proportion of convicts to free settlers is about twenty-three to ten:—that is, in plain language, the profligate portion of the inhabitants were more than the double the ostensibly respectable part of the population. This is bad enough, and not very encouraging to free emigrants: but this is not all. The government so badly arranges matters, that transportation, so far from being formidable, acts as a premium on crime, and Sydney is looked on as a land of promise by the profligate members of the parent community. The disproportion between the virtuous free emigrant population, and “the scum of the people and wicked condemned men, presents great *prima facie* difficulties to a proper arrangement of colonial affairs; but the facilities afforded to emancipated or ticket-of-lease convicts for evading penal discipline, and acquiring wealth and importance according to the present system, are, besides, so extraordinary and so discouraging to the better portion of the society, that we are not at all surprised at the loud complaints made by the authors of the books now before us. The plan of assigning convicts to the free colonists has altogether failed, and is now very generally regarded as the main cause of the evils that so much demand reform. The only discipline that individuals can exercise over such servants is quite insufficient to curb the rampant profligacy of Newgate; and the experience of forty years and upwards should have convinced the government that some reform was quite necessary in the method of employing convicts. It is quite absurd that a convict should, under the most favourable circumstances, be ever admitted to equal privileges with the honest settler:—yet such is the case. Transportation must be a *bona fide* punishment, if it is to be one at all. It must be “a terror to evil doers,”

and not an encourager of crime. Continual labour should be an invariable accompaniment of transportation; and every effort should be used to preserve the virtuous emigrants from the contamination of vice and felony. Dr Lang points out many ways in which the convicts may be profitably employed and in such a way as at once to terrify those at home and to correct themselves. The sound argumentative manner in which he treats his subject renders his book well worthy of public attention.

The other work by Mr. Mudie is written in a smart and dashing rather than in a ratiocinative style, and the author is occasionally so intemperate as to injure his cause. In fact—he shows a *soreness*, which altogether destroys his efficiency as a reformer. Still there are excellent passages in it; and he tells his story with a force and *naiveté* that make them highly interesting. The experience of fourteen years undoubtedly gives him a competency to throw light on the internal polity and management of the colony; and he certainly has laid bare the political sores of the settlement with an unsparing hand. We leave the author to decide, as pleases him best, the quarrel between Sir Ralph Darling the ex-governor, and Sir Richard Bourke the actual governor of Sydney:—both are bad enough. But we shall, perhaps, convey to our readers *some* idea of the morals of New South Wales, and especially of its convict population, from the following statements of Mr. Mudie.

“The British public can have no idea of the inequalities of the punishments which attend the sentence of transportation from this country. These inequalities are not, as it would be reasonable to suppose, proportioned to the different degrees of turpitude in the crimes for which the same sentence has originally been passed, nor even according to the former characters of the culprits. Quite the contrary. A common labourer, or industrious mechanic, whom want of work and distress may have driven into the temporary commission of crime, is as liable and as likely to be transported as the most expert thief and experienced depredator in London. Every convict ship takes out to the colony men of the above description, as well as desperate and practised burglars, habitual and experienced receivers of stolen goods, artful and designing swindlers, skilful forgers, robbers of banks and mail coaches, and a sprinkling of all sorts of the villains denominated the *swell mob*.

“On the arrival of this motley assemblage of criminals at the port of Sydney, lists of the convicts are made out,—applications for their assignment are put in by those of the settlers who are entitled to convict servants,—and in the course of about eight days the new comers are landed and assigned. The simple labourers and ordinary mechanics, having nothing to recommend them but their former industry,—the misfortunes which drove them to crime,—and perhaps a remaining disposition still to behave well, are sure to undergo the full measure of their sentence. They are at once assigned to agricultural settlers or other suitable masters; and, in proportion as they are well-behaved and industrious, they have not unfrequently the less chance of obtaining either tickets-of-leave or conditional pardons. They are of too ordinary a character and too common a class either to attract the notice or to excite the sympathy of the convict-loving philanthropists of Sydney. As for the masters to whom they are assigned, however humane and respectable they may be, it is of course natural that they should look for labour from men both able to labour, and sent to the colony for the purpose of being punished by labour. To labour, therefore, they are put. In proportion as they are laborious, it is not the interest of their assignee masters to facilitate their obtaining tickets-of-leave; nor are the convicts of this description likely themselves to obtain indulgences of that kind by stratagem and deceit. They usually, therefore, as has been stated, undergo the full measure of their sentences; or if, after the term of years prescribed as probationary, they at length obtain tickets-of-leave, they are obliged to continue still at labour somewhere, as a means of providing for their subsistence.

“On the other hand, those of the convicts who have something of the ‘look

of a gentleman,'—clerks, for example, such as Watt, who have robbed masters by whom they were confidentially trusted and liberally paid,—robbed them of large sums, not through want or necessity, but for the sake of gratifying their profligate tastes and depraved desires,—or swindlers who have for years preyed upon the public by obtaining all kinds of goods and money by every species of false pretences,—if they be *gentlemen* convicts, they are treated as gentlemen, and are either removed to the elysium of Port Macquarie, or assigned to masters whose employments for them and their accompanying treatment are redolent of ease and comfort instead of punishment. By some plausible tale they excite sympathy; and if for some time they take the trouble of acting a part, they soon get recommended for tickets-of-leave or conditional pardons, which, if they do not serve as passports to employment in the government offices, are sure to be followed by their obtaining comfortable berths of some kind, or getting into some way of dealing, by means of which, with a very small share of diligence and attention, and a large stock of roguery, they are sure to get on well,—to become rich and luxurious citizens,—and to hold up their heads with the best and proudest in the colony. Indeed, the more knowing ones,—that is, the very worst characters amongst the convicts,—seldom undergo any real punishment at all. Whether thieves, burglars, receivers, forgers, swindlers, or mail-coach robbers, if they are 'well up to the trick,' they bring out with them letters to some of the 'old hands' in the colony, so as to ensure their being applied for as assigned servants by persons of the *right sort*. If they have secured a portion of the plunder they had acquired in England, they easily make themselves comfortable; for in that case they enter into copartnery, under the rose, with some one or other of the emancipated felony, who, being enabled by the funds of their convict partners to take houses or enter into business, apply to have their partners assigned to them as servants, and the *gentlemen* convicts fall upon a bed of roses at once!

"If a wife has been left in England with the charge of the spoil, she follows her husband in the first ship;—on her arrival she takes a house, and then petitions the governor to have her husband—the father of her children—assigned to her as her servant,—in which petition her husband of course joins. If she has no children of her own, three or four brats are easily borrowed in Sydney for the purpose of stage effect; and off she sets for government-house, where the sight of the afflicted *lady* and *her* little ones of course has a wonderful influence over the sympathetic Governor Bourke. In short, having brought with her a supply of the '*swag*,' as the convicts call their ill-gotten cash, a wife seldom fails of having her husband assigned to her, in which case the transported felon finds himself his own master, in possession of all the present wealth his past nefarious courses may have procured for him,—and on the road to future fortune.

"For the very worst characters who are transported, therefore, it appears that New South Wales is not any punishment at all, or at least that it is easy for them, owing to the careless laxity and childish leniency of the colonial authorities, to evade the punishment which their crimes have merited."

So much for the male convicts, and for the judicious distinction in portioning to them their allotted labour. The fairer and more delicate part of the convict population are not much more virtuous and respectable than the males, as the following will show most satisfactorily:—

"The assignment of the female convicts, like that of the males, usually takes place eight or ten days after their arrival in Sydney; and, when the applicants have been supplied, the remaining females (if any) are forwarded to what is called the *factory*, at Parramatta. The factory cannot properly be regarded as a place of punishment. The females are well fed, having, in addition to abundance of animal food, flour, bread, and vegetables, the indulgence of tea and sugar. They are not put to any labour; and though they are certainly and necessarily cut off from external intercourse, they have the

range of an extensive garden, in which they are permitted to walk. So agreeable a retreat, indeed, is the factory, that it is quite a common thing for females assigned servants to *demand* of their masters and mistresses to send them there, and flatly, and with fearful oaths, to disobey orders, for the purpose of securing the accomplishment of their wish! In the factory, too, there is a good chance of getting *married*; for the convict swains scattered amongst the settlers, when they obtain the consent of their masters, or choose, when they become free, to enter into the connubial state, usually apply for permission to go to the factory in quest of a fair helpmate, with the full knowledge that it is more likely to be for *worse* than for *better* that they make their election. On the arrival of one of these at the abode of the recluses, the unmarried frail ones are drawn up in line for the inspection of the amorous and adventurous votary, who, fixing his eye on a vestal to his taste, with his finger beckons her to step forth from the rank. If after a short conference they are mutually agreeable, the two are married in due time and form. If, on the contrary, either the *Macheath* or the *Polly* prove distasteful to the other, the resolute amateur continues his inspection along the line, till he hits upon a *Lucy* more complying, or more suitable to his mind!

"But to return to the system on which the female convicts are treated:—Nothing can be more impolitic, or more unlike punishment, from the first hour of their embarkation in England. Each convict ship carries out a herd of females of all ages, and of every gradation in vice, including a large proportion of prostitutes of all grades, from the veriest trull to the fine madam who displayed her attractions in the theatres. All who can, carry with them the whole paraphernalia of the toilette, with trunks and boxes stuffed with every kind of female dress and decoration they can come at. In the ship, they have unlimited freedom of intercourse amongst themselves, both in the prison-room, and during the day, on a prescribed portion of the deck, which completes the corruption of the younger and least profligate.

"The ship-surgeon is entrusted with the discipline of the female convicts on board ship. Though the regulations may sometimes prevent improper intercourse between the convicts and the crew, yet there are too many and almost always exceptions which ought not to take place.

"Those few of the females who are appointed nurses to the sick, have privileges; and it does happen that the surgeon sometimes appoints an attractive or favourite *lady* to the post. At other times he admits *ladies* on the sick list, and to the indulgences of the hospital.

"Things are very differently managed now, and, when a female transport-ship arrives at Sydney, all the madams on board occupy the few days which elapse before their landing, in preparing to produce the most dazzling effect at their *descent* upon the Australian shore. With rich silk dresses,—bonnets *a-la-mode*,—ear pendants three inches long, gorgeous shawls and splendid veils,—silk stockings, kid gloves, and parasols in hand, dispensing sweet odours from their profusely perfumed forms, they disembark, and are assigned as *servants*, and distributed to the expectant settlers. On the very road to their respective places of assignment, the women are told of the easy retirement of the factory, and advised to get themselves sent there, where they will be allowed to marry, without having to obtain the consent of an assignee master. Offers of marriage are made to some of them from the waysides, and at their new habitations they are besieged by suitors.

"The hapless settler, who expected a *servant*, able, or at least willing, to act, perhaps, both as house and dairy-maid, finds he has received quite a *princess*! Her *highness*, with her gloved and delicate fingers, can do *no* sort of work! Attempts are made to break her in,—but in vain. 'If you don't like me, send me to the factory,' is the constant retort; and the master, having no alternative, takes her before a bench of magistrates, by whom she is returned to government, and consigned to the factory accordingly.

"So much for the *fine-lady* convicts.

"As for the coarser portion of the sex, when equally depraved with their more showy companions, their language, manners, and conduct, are infinitely too dreadful for public description.

"Their language, disgusting when heard even by profligate men, would pollute the eyes cast upon it in writing. Their open and shameless vices must not be told. Their fierce and untameable audacity would not be believed. They are the pest and gangrene of the colonial society,—a reproach to human nature,—and, lower than the brutes, a disgrace to all animal existence.

"But enough.—Were the veil raised, and the appalling spectacle exhibited as it really is, the picture would be too horrid for affrighted humanity to look upon."

Both the works before us are well worthy of a serious perusal, and with whatever partiality they may be written, they still allege facts that it would be very difficult to disprove, and which are very disgraceful to Lord Glenelg and his subordinates in the Colonial office.

FICTION AND POETRY.

The Clock-maker, or Adventures of Samuel Slick, of Slickville.
1 vol. post 8vo. Bentley.

This is one of the strangest and most original books that we have set eyes on during this plentiful season of the London publishers. Our readers will suppose that a satire on the people of an obscure colony like Nova Scotia would not excite much interest in the minds of the people belonging to the old country;—but it is not so. The author, whoever he is (for one half of the work first appeared in the Nova Scotia newspapers), has managed, by a very clever combination of broad and cutting satire with useful advice and corrective hints, to form the whole into a very amusing volume. He is a person of considerable imagination, as his *rather* rude but striking sketch of the Yankee clockmaker abundantly testifies; and it is impossible to read half a dozen pages of the book without being amused with the rich fund of drollery and dry humour which he has perfectly at his command. The provincialisms and provincial allusions occasionally present difficulties to the unpractised reader; but on the whole the work may be recommended, as at once the most eccentric, most original, and most humorous little work of the present season.

The framework of this curious satire is extremely simple. The author—an English tourist in Nova Scotia—is overtaken by Samuel Slick, a true Yankee, with all the conceit and cunning belonging to the lower orders in the Northern States of America. With this travelling pedlar the tourist falls into conversation, and they feel so well pleased with each other that they mutually agree on the expediency of travelling in company. Mr. Slick's originality and shrewdness of criticism on the people about him, and on their various practices, as elicited by the little incidents of travel, form the chief and most amusing feature of the volume. Nova Scotia judicial abuses, the bad qualities of the Nova Scotians—railroad-schemes—Canada question,—and twenty other subjects are introduced and treated with admirable talent and humour. An extract or two is all that we have room for: but we must first thank the author for having given us a very great treat from the perusal of his book.

NOVA SCOTIA AND THE STATES.

"This lazy fellow, Pugnose, continued the Clockmaker, that keeps this inn, is going to sell off and go to the States. He says he has to work too hard here; that the markets are dull, and the winters too long; and he guesses he can live easier there! I guess he'll find his mistake afore he's been there long. Why, our country aint to be compared to this, on no account whatever: our country never made us to be the great nation we are, but we made

the country. How on airth could we, if we were all like old Pugnosc, as lazy, as ugly, make that cold, thin soil of New England produce what it does? Why, Sir, the land between Boston and Salem would starve a flock of geese; and yet look at Salem, it has more cash than would buy Nova Scotia from the king. We rise early, live frugally, and work late; what we get we take care of. To all this we add enterprise and intelligence: a feller who finds work too hard here, had better not go to the States. I met an Irishman, one Pat Lannigan, last week, who had just returned from the States; why, says I, Pat, what on airth brought you back? Bad luck to them, says Pat, if I warn't properly bit. What do you get a day in Nova Scotia? says Judge Beler to me. Four shillings, your lordship, says I. There are no lords here says he, we are all free. Well, says he, I'll give you as much in one day as you can earn in two: I'll give you eight shillings. Long life to your lordship, says I. So next day to it I went with a party of men a-digging a piece of canal; and if it wasn't a hot day, my name is not Pat Lannigan. Presently I looked up and straightened my back: says I to a comrade of mine, Mick, says I, I'm very dry: with that says the overseer, we don't allow gentlemen to talk at their work in this country. Faith, I soon found out for my two days' pay in one, I had to do two days' work in one, and pay two weeks board in one; and at the end of a month, I found myself no better off in pocket than in Nova Scotia; while the devil a bone in my body that didn't ache with pain; and as for my nose, it took to bleeding, and bled day and night entirely. Upon my soul, Mr. Slick, said he, the poor labourer does not last long in your country; what with new rum, hard labour, and hot weather, you'll see the graves of the Irish each side of the canals, for all the world like two rows of potatoes in a field that have forgot to come up."

Samuel Slick's opinions on many other points of Colonial manners and legislation are very shrewd and ingenious; but the reader must peruse them in the book itself. The following are some of his views about Great Britain:—

THE IRISH AND THE ENGLISH.

"The Irish never carry a puss, for they never have a cent to put in it. They are always in love or in liquor, or else in a row; they are the merriestshavers I ever seed. Judge Beler, I dare say you have heerd tell of him—he's a funny feller—he put a notice over his factory-gate at Lowell, 'No cigars or Irishmen admitted within these walls;' for, said he, the one will set a flame agoin among my cottons, and t'other among my galls. I wont have no such inflamable and dangerous things about me on no account. When the British wanted our folks to join in the treaty to chock the wheels of the slave-trade, I recollect hearin old John Adams say, we had ought to humour them; for, says he, they supply us with labour on easier terms, by shippin out the Irish. Says he, they work better and they work cheaper, and they don't live so long. The Blacks, when they are past work, hang on for ever, and a proper bill of expense they be; but hot weather and new rum rub out the poor-rates for t'other ones.

"The English are the boys for tradin with: they shell out their cash like a sheaf of wheat in frosty weather; it flies all over the thrashin-floor; but they are a cross-grained, ungainly, kicken breed of cattle, as I een a most ever seed. Whoever gave them the name of John Bull, knew what he was about, I tell you; for they are bull-necked, bull-headed folks, I vow; sulky, ugly-tempered, vicious critters, a pawin and a roarin the whole time, and plaguy onsafe unless well watched. They are as headstrong as mules, and as conceited as peacocks.

"The astonishment with which I heard this tirade against my countrymen, absorbed every feeling of resentment. I listened with amazement at the perfect composure with which he uttered it. He treated it as one of those self-evident truths, that need neither proof nor apology, but as a thing well-known and admitted by all mankind.

"There is no richer sight that I know of, said he, than to see one on 'em when he first lands in one of our great cities. He swells out as big as a balloon; his skin is ready to burst with wind—a regular walking bag of gas; and he prances over the pavement like a bear over hot iron—a great awkward hulk of a feller, (for they aint to be compared to the French in manners) a smirkin at you, as much as to say, 'Look here, Jonathan, here's an Englishman; here's a boy that's got blood as pure as a Norman pirate, and lots of the blunt of both kinds, a pocket full of one and a mouthful of t'other: beant he lovely?' and then he looks as fierce as a tiger, as much as to say, 'Say, boo to a goose if you dare.'"

Piso and the Præfect, or the Ancients off their Stilts.
3 vols. post 8vo. Smith and Elder.

WE opened these volumes with favourable anticipations. Enough has been handed down to us concerning the depraved manners and effeminate usages of the Romans during the empire; and a sufficient number of scandalous anecdotes has been preserved to render it quite possible to write a very interesting romance. The author of "Piso and the Præfect" has not succeeded in establishing a fair reputation in this line of writing. It would be unjust to deny his possession of a fair stock of antiquarian and historical knowledge; for the work bears evidence of a somewhat extensive reading of the authors of the *silver* and *brazen* age. The facts are stated, —the minutiae of detail unsparingly elaborated; but the work *smells too much of the lamp*, and is very deficient in that freshness and lively vigour, which are necessary to the illusion of romance. His writings give us the idea of a man keeping a common place-book for recording all national peculiarities and depravities,—all court intrigues and *scandales* contained in the writings of three centuries after Christ, and afterwards cutting up the same, and serving them with a few dashes of a love story by way of sauce. We should suppose the author to have made a first essay in these volumes. With such talent as he undoubtedly possesses, he may hope for more success from his future efforts,—especially if he be willing at first to confine himself to the embellishment of the thousand and one anecdotes of imperial depravity that pollute the writings of the silver age. It is indeed a delicate and difficult task to throw the veil of decency over obscene debauchery; but the author's partial success in the closely-printed volumes before us induces us to hope, that this recommendation may not be altogether thrown away. It may be doubted, however, whether it be expedient *at all* to rake up the putrid ashes of ancient vices, which, even to speak mildly of them, are disgraceful to humanity.

Perhaps, however,—after all our grave and sententious discussions,—the author may be enjoying a laugh at our expense, and be wondering how any sage critic could so plainly write himself down an ass, as to mistake a broad satire and caricature for a serious romance. *Oh lepidum caput!* What a witty dog must the author be—to envelope his humour so completely that none but the select few can discover it! The Roman player Basilides is so absurd a character and so just a representative of a low-bred vernacular cockney debauchee, that he must have a modern prototype. Laurentia Ogulnia, too, is not without her match within our own times; and the Præfect himself might be construed as a libellous portrait of the modern Nero of England. Scribonius Mummius—to the unsophisticated reader, a very tawdry copy of Seneca,—may, to the initiated, appear a lively caricature of Coleridge or John Fearne. But enough of conjecture, which the author may, perhaps, misconstrue in his turn into a satire on his less than *semi-successful* production.

The feast at the Præfects'—the following scene classically illustrative of the Lares and Lemures,—the visit to the theatre,—some melodramatic scenes

in the second volume, and the boudoir scene in which Basilides breaks in on Laurentia and Thusnelda to announce the rising against the Emperor Maximin and his representative, the Præfect—are the best in the book. The third volume is too full either of bombast and namby-pamby on the one hand, or of gross and puerile absurdity on the other, to allow of a favourable notice of that section of the work.

The Victims of Society. By the COUNTESS OF BLESSINGTON.
3 Vols. post 8vo. Saunders and Otley.

FROM the former writings of *la belle Comtesse* we could not have supposed that we should ever be able to assign her the highest honours of literature by the side of Richardson and Miss Edgeworth:—yet we must acknowledge that she has this time sent forth to the world a book of very extraordinary merit—*facile princeps* of all the domestic novels that have appeared of late years. We began the book under great disadvantages; for there is a certain reserve belonging to Englishmen,—a certain prudish sentiment respecting female propriety, of which they cannot divest themselves,—a feeling repudiated by *la jeune France* as utterly ridiculous. We have imbibed these notions, and hence with respect to the authoress and her book we were not favourably prejudiced. The talent, however, which is displayed throughout, the consummate skill with which the hidden springs of human action are laid bare, the sagacious and deeply scrutinizing ability with which the anatomy of French and English society is dissected, involuntarily call forth our admiration, and draw off our attention from the authoress to the book.

The tale (which is related in the epistolary form) is intended to show the difference between English and French morals—between the wholesome dread of female impurity prevalent in England and the licentious freedom permitted by the new philosophy of France. It may not be amiss to remark, that in our opinion her strictures on the *licence* of French female society are rather severe—more so indeed than truth warrants. The whole, however, is touched off so happily and conveys so vivid a picture to the imagination, that we can scarcely find fault with its warmer tints. The story is very simple; for the talent lies not in the concatenation of circumstances, so much as in the true and lively style in which she draws the portraits of her characters—in the masterly skill with which she carries forward the action of the drama from the languid common-place of the opening chapters to the successive events which form a true *climax* in the latter volumes.

A young and sensitive girl—Lady Augusta Vernon—the idol of her parents and the admiration of the circle in which she moves,—is prevailed on by Lord Annandale—a sporting character and a *roué*—to become his bride. The lovely lady visits the fashionable circles of London, and becomes the victim of a hollow and heartless friend—or *fiend*, who, having a jaded reputation herself, and desiring that others should be as wretched as herself, omits no effort to undermine the character of the unsuspecting Lady Annandale. Miss Montessor is as clever, as she is unprincipled; and her letters from first to last betray a talent, which immediately dispels any doubt respecting the success of her evil machinations. Conceiving an unholy passion for the gay *nouveau marié*, she contrives to sow dissension between him and his wife; and the attentions of a Lord Nottingham, an intimate of Annandale's, to the gentle and pure-minded Lady, give her the means of carrying her diabolical projects into full effect. The end of the whole is,—that the maligned wife is obliged to leave her husband's house, and the unwitting lover is threatened with an action for *crim-con*:—she soon dies of a broken heart. Miss Montessor becomes the Countess of Annandale:—but rank and fortune cannot wash out the stains of a guilty conscience. Her former shame rankles in her mind; and the importunities of the seducer of her youth—a man formerly gay, heartless, and *de bon ton*, but now a low, brutalized black-leg, thief and

assassin, who demands a maintenance as the price of secrecy, fills to the brim the cup of poison. This scoundrel, Carency, takes foul advantage of the secret interviews to which fear drives Miss Montessor—to murder and rob her good aunt, to rob herself of the family jewels, and finally to kill Lord Annandale. True, however, is the adage,—*Raro ante cedentem scelestum deseruit pede pœna claudo*. The crimes of Carency are brought to light one after another, and he meets the punishment due to his iniquities. The guilty and unhappy Lady Annandale goes mad and dies,—having found, alas, only too late, that “even in the accomplishment of her schemes, she found only the remorse and misery, that never fail, sooner or later, to await on crime.”

The letters of Miss Montessor constitute, as we have said before, by far the most interesting part of the work; but we would notice, as being worthy of especial praise, those addressed to the Marquise de Villeroi. From one of these we furnish an extract, that will show a part of the dénouement, as well as its own talent. The earlier letters are gay and thoughtless: those of later date are of a more serious and sombre cast.

“Lord Annandale dined with the ministers yesterday; and I was sitting in my boudoir, superintending the arrangement of some diamonds which my maid was attaching to my court-dress, when the groom of the chambers announced Le Chevalier Carency,—and that monster entered.

“The case of jewels I held in my hand fell to the ground, and I uttered a faint shriek; while Claudine, who, in the elegantly dressed man of fashion before her, did not recognise the mysterious visitant of Annandale Castle, respectfully retired. He approached me with alacrity, kissed my hand with easy politeness, and said that, having only that day arrived from Paris, he came to deliver a letter, and sundry messages, from our mutual friend, La Marquise de Villeroi. Though I dreaded finding myself alone with him, I dreaded still more the possibility of Claudine’s recognising him, if suffered to remain, or to be a witness to an interview in which I felt a presentiment that new demands would be made; so I was glad to see her withdraw. I then asked him why he stood before me?

“‘The question is neither polite nor hospitable, *ma belle comtesse*,’ replied he, with an air of the most insulting familiarity; ‘*mais n’importe*. I am no longer the ruined mendicant you saw at Annandale Castle, and whose apparition seemed to give you so little pleasure. Your compulsory liberality has enabled me to reassume that place in society to which my birth entitles me: I flatter myself that my appearance would not discredit the most aristocratic *salon* in London;’ and he looked in a large mirror with undisguised complacency. ‘But Fortune owes me a grudge, and pursues me with a *guignon*, as provoking as it is inconvenient. Last night I lost a considerable sum—the final remnant of your supply, and I am come to demand another. Seeing in the papers that *monsieur milord, votre mari*, was to dine with the ministers (for the English papers leave us ignorant of none of the engagements of *les messieurs et dames à la mode*), I determined on paying you a visit. Should *milord* arrive before I depart, you will, of course, present me to him as an old friend just arrived from Paris, and the bearer of a letter from your friend, la Marquise de Villeroi. *Sa seigneurie* will, of course, act *l’aimable*—I, *le gentil*: the acquaintance thus made, leave the rest to me: he shall present me to the persons I desire to know, and all will go off *à merveille*. I see that you disapprove this arrangement,’ added he, with a look of perfect nonchalance; ‘but I have taken it into my head to enter into fashionable society in London, and your husband is the person I have selected as *chaperon*.’

“‘And you tell this to me,’ said I, my blood boiling with indignation; ‘to me, who know you for a robber—for an assassin!’

“His countenance assumed a fearful expression of malice as he glanced at me, and replied,—

“‘Bah, bah! you still remember that little episode; but you appear to forget your own share in it. Who gave me ingress to the house, and who

secured my egress from it? Without your aid, I could not have effected the objects to which you refer. But let that pass; I am not here to listen to your tragical reminiscences. I am come for money, and *must* have it quickly.'

"I declared that he had taken all my funds at Annandale Castle, and that I had no more.

"What! can you not ask your husband? He is still too short a time married to have ceased to be uxorious enough to be generous to you;' and he looked at me in a way that brought the blood to my cheeks.

"But there is no occasion to have recourse to his liberality,' said he, 'while these baubles can be converted into money,' taking up the diamonds that lay scattered around; 'they will do quite as well.'

"They must not—cannot be yours!' said I; 'they are the family jewels, in which I have only a life-interest.'

"Bah, bah!' answered he, 'I stand on no such idle ceremony.'

"As he spoke, he gathered up the scattered diamonds, placed them in the case, and put it within his coat, which he buttoned over it. In vain I implored him not to take them, and promised to send him money the very next day. He was deaf to my entreaties; and, having said, that shortly he would call again, and be presented to *milord*, he rang the bell, and, when the domestic arrived, took a respectful leave of me, and departed.

"I am utterly confounded, and so agitated by contending emotions, that I am incapable of thinking. Though the jewels are of great value, my husband attaches even more importance to them from the number of years they have been in the family, than from their intrinsic worth. How shall I be able to conceal that I no longer possess them? How get off appearing at court to-morrow? I am all in a tremor! I must lie down, for my head swims, and I can scarcely support myself.

"Delphine, I would prefer death to seeing this wretch intrude himself into the presence of my husband, to remind me of a crime I would give worlds to forget, and the memory of which, ever since I became a wife, is more hateful to me than ever. Think of a miscreant, stained with theft—with murder—finding himself beneath the roof of an honourable man, and I tacitly sanctioning his monstrous effrontery by my silence! O God, have pity on me!

"Lord Annandale found me so ill when he returned, that he was the first to propose my abandoning all thought of going to the drawing-room to-day.

"This is a reprieve; but, alas! a brief one; for in ten days more there will be another, and I shall be expected to go. The kindness of my husband melts me to tears,—and this was the man I judged so harshly! How my heart reproaches me; and how I wish I were more worthy of his affection!

"When Claudine asked me last night for the diamonds to fasten on my dress, I felt my cheeks glow as I told her that I had locked them up.

"Madame la comtesse's illness was very sudden,' observed she; 'for I thought I had not seen *sa seigneurie* so well for a long time as just before that gentleman arrived.'

"I was painfully conscious that I again changed countenance.

"It was strange, *madame la comtesse*,' resumed she, 'that the tones of his voice, and the air of that gentleman quite startled me by reminding me of that terrible man who came to *le château d'Annandale*.'

"Think how I trembled!

"One often does see such strange resemblances,' continued she. 'This gentleman is about the same height, but he has no whiskers; and then he has not a patch over his eye. *Enfin*, this is a *grand seigneur*, and the other was like a mendicant. Still one reminds me of the other.'

"How I writhed, while she spoke! I think I can perceive—but it may be only my timid sense of guilt that suggests the apprehension—that she already associates in her mind the visit of this man, my sudden indisposition, and the disappearance of the diamonds.

"My position is a fearful one, and becomes every day more precarious. The state of incessant agitation and alarm in which this wretch plunges me has destroyed my health; and there are moments when I feel such a total prostration of physical as well as moral strength, that I am led to think I cannot long sustain this life of wretchedness. This man is my scourge—the avenger of all my sins. Oh! may the Almighty accept the pangs I now endure as some atonement for my transgressions, and limit my suffering to this life; permitting me to hope that, in the life to come, I may be pardoned.

"Should my prophetic forebodings be realized—should death soon end the insupportable anguish I endure, I entreat—nay, more, I command you, Delphine, to make known to Lord and Lady Vernon, and Lord Annandale, the perfect innocence of the wronged Augusta."

The Married Unmarried. By the Author of "*Almack's Revisited*."
3 Vols. post 8vo. Saunders and Otley.

THIS tale, whose title seems to us singularly ill-chosen, inasmuch as we can find no sense in it till we arrive at the last chapter,—is the history of a young fellow of unknown parentage, who goes through a series of hardships and odd adventures, until at last he finds that he is the son of an admiral, and that his mother has unwittingly been guilty of bigamy. The whole seems to us to be a huge mass of improbability; and although there are passages in certain parts, which induce the belief that its author is not destitute of talent, we cannot give to it, as a whole, any thing beyond qualified praise. The motto is better chosen than the title, and pretty fairly characterizes the book.

"Part good,—more bad,—some neither one nor t'other."

Memoirs of a Peeress,—or, the Days of Fox. Edited by LADY CHARLOTTE BURY. 3 Vols. post 8vo. Colburn.

MR. HENRY COLBURN is one of the most polite and obliging of publishers, and, at the same time,—strange to say,—the most successful. His imprimatur at the bottom of the title is like the note of a bank of high credit:—worthless as the material is, it passes for an article of sterling value, for it has the assurance of its issuer's respectability. Mr. Colburn's respectability must stand high indeed;—nay, *caput inter nubila condit*, if we are to judge of it by the multitudinous trash to which he gives currency at least,—if not a good name. To deny the possession of excellence to all the works and all their authors that bask in the sunshine of the politest of bibliopolists, would be going too far; but, from an examination of the Marlborough Street lists, we do not hesitate to set down two-thirds of their contents during the present season, as being so poor, washy, and uninteresting, that nothing but the Colburn influence and puffery could remove them from the shelves to which the printer delivered them. Let not our meaning be mistaken:—let it not be supposed that we attribute any fault to Mr. Colburn for doing what every trader has an undoubted right to do,—advancing his own interests by those means and connexions which he finds most desirable:—the fault lies with the public, and that part of it in particular, which, lapped in luxury, is too lazy to judge a work by its own merits, and is content to believe a book good, because it has a titled author or a good publisher.

Lady Charlotte Bury's book, the title of which would induce the reader to anticipate a real memoir of a real personage and an account of some of the scenes in which Fox, Sheridan, and the Prince of Wales played so conspicuous a part, turns out, after all, to be nothing but a mere novel—and quite a second rate one too,—founded on the "*Red-Book*," "*Annual Register*," and newspapers of the day, and furnished with an obligato accompaniment of wit and vivacity by the lady who edited it. It may be, that we are mistaken in our view of the subject, and that a great part, at least, of these

memoirs are historic. Be it so :—we cease to think of the brilliant wits of fifty years ago, what more authentic memoirs have led us to suppose. They were, then, it seems, the stiff, unelastic, and formal gentlemen that they are represented in Lady Charlotte Bury's book. Faugh! we have done, and we will repent us of the unshackled mirth to which we have in times past abandoned ourselves. But to return to sober earnest,—the fair writer has taken up a most difficult subject, and she might as well hope to have passed the fiery ordeal unscathed as to have met with success in her lately-finished labours. It required a Sheridan or a Fox to paint their living portraits; and the authoress is neither. The main facts of the story, which is as confused as any that we have attempted to read for some time, we will do our best to lay before the reader. The heroine, Eliza Mordaunt, is the daughter of a Leicestershire squire and of noble descent. She leaves the paternal roof and her fox-hunting suitors to visit a proud and poor widowed aunt, who hopes to get a match for her among the old fashioned frequenters of her *côterie*. Another aunt, a dashing heartless lady of more fashion than virtue, the Duchess of Rochester, contrives to withdraw the young lady—nothing loath from beneath the wings of her safer protector, and introduces her at court, and into all her fashionable parties. An opportunity is here afforded of bringing forward the political puppets to dance their short existence on the stage. Miss Mordaunt becomes the belle of the day, and is surrounded by a host of suitors. Instead, however, of looking after marriage settlements, she wastes her time in making conquests, and in dangling after her frail chaperone to the great risk of her reputation. She ends by marrying a moneyless *cadet*, who is an independent member of parliament. Disappointment and embarrassment undermine Mr. Fitzirnham's health, and he dies. The afflicted widow marries an earl, one of her former suitors; and when become a dowager, she obligingly sits down and writes three volumes of autobiography. The best and chief personage is the Duchess of Rochester; and her fate furnished the moral that points the tale.

The style of writing throughout is easy and unstudied, as it ought to be; and the whole shows it to have proceeded from the pen of a person having more than common ability, and accustomed to move in the best ranks of English society.

Highland Rambles, by Sir T. D. LAUDER, Bart. 2 Vols. post 8vo. A. & C. Black.

SIR Thomas Dick Lauder is no new aspirant to literary honours. If none other of his works had gained for him a fair name as an author, at least, his "Accounts of the Moray Floods" would, in our opinion, have given him a fair claim to distinction. The work which is now before us confirms our previous opinion of the author's abilities. It is true, indeed, that the title, "Highland Rambles," is a misnomer; for out of seven hundred and forty pages, only ninety pages are at all referable to the Rambles,—the remainder being made up of the "Long Legends to shorten the Way." It must not be supposed, however, that we are displeased at the insertion of the sundry legends that are interspersed in the work; for there are many that are highly interesting and especially characteristic of the country, whose customs and peculiarities these anecdotes are intended to illustrate.

The work contains fourteen legends,—all of which we have looked over with the hope of being able to make certain extracts therefrom for the benefit of our readers:—but it is matter for regret that the stories are so connected as to make it impossible to insert any portion without destroying the integrity of the story.

The legends of John Mackay of Rossshire, and of Christy Ross are, perhaps, the best; but where the spirit of the whole series is so well supported, it is difficult to make a favourable selection.

EDUCATION.

Goldsmith's History of England,—with a Continuation. By BELL-CHAMBERS. 4 vols. 24mo. Allan Bell.

OF the merits and demerits of Goldsmith's compilation it would be needless to waste one word. The public voice has given it currency; and the critic may hold his tongue. The continuator has most amply performed his duty to the work:—indeed, we will make bold to say that his part of the book is the cream of the whole. The improved form in which Goldsmith now appears will, we hope, do good: and we trust that the publisher may find it to his account to produce a school copy in larger type,—and without illustrations. Mr. Bellchambers, meanwhile, may aim at higher quarry than correcting Goldsmith's blunders and verifying Horace's saying—*Purpureus—assuitur pannus*, &c. We especially recommend the fourth volume, as being on the whole the best part of the work. The printer and binder have done all that could have been hoped for, to render the work acceptable to its purchasers.

General Descriptive Atlas of the Earth. By W. M. HIGGINS, F. G. S. Royal 4to. Orr.

THESE maps have been examined with some care; and they may safely be pronounced free from such errors as would misguide the general student:—and be it observed, that for further study no faith can be placed on maps *five times* as expensive as these, unless they are produced by men, whose professional and scientific reputation is stated in their accuracy. In fact, the maps brought out at the present day are, with two or three exceptions, so bad, that we consider it no slight matter to give these maps a general praise. But let us say a few words which are perhaps somewhat to the point. This Atlas is the cheapest that we have yet met with:—*fifty-one* maps, and two pages of letter press, and well composed matter, too, accompanying each map, are not to be met with every day for *two guineas*. The writer of these remarks is rather chary in recommending geographical works—necessarily consisting of masses of facts, and he by no means answers for the correctness of *all* the statements; but from an experimental enquiry into the truth of some very important, he ventures a hope, that the work will be found tolerably correct.

Family Library,—No. 63. Sketches of Imposture, Deception, and Credulity.

THIS work—originally belonging to the aristocratic stores of the Albemarle Street bibliopoliſt—has migrated eastward: but we do not think that the city air has spoiled the complexion of Mr. Murray's bantling. Although, perhaps, Mr. Tegg cannot muster so formidable an array of great names as the highly favoured publisher of the Quarterly, he has brought "good men and true" who give their honest labour, and produce what is well worthy of this periodical in its most high and palmy state. These sketches are not original of course; nor should we flatter the compiler's vanity by classing them with the "Demonology and Witchcraft" of Walter Scott, or the "Natural Magic" of Brewster:—still the unknown collector of these curious anecdotes has succeeded in drawing up a very interesting volume.

MEDICAL SCIENCE.

Turnbull on Nervous Diseases of the Eye and Ear.

THERE appears to be a great deal of good sense and sound medical science in the volume before us. The application of *Veratria* and *Aconitine* in painful nervous affections though not unknown to the faculty, has never, we believe, been so successfully exhibited as in the numerous cases which have come under Dr. Turnbull's care. *Neuralgia* and painful diseases of the eye seem to have occupied much of the Doctor's attention. To the portion of the work which treats of them, we would direct the attention of such of our readers as may be interested in the subject.

THEATRICAL REVIEW.

ITALIAN OPERA.

Saturday, April 1st.—The *elite* company not having yet arrived, an attempt was made to get up a passable entertainment in their absence. We are sorry to say it was not successful, the music and singers being alike below the mark. Donizetti's "Belisario" is new to the English stage, though of some standing in Italy; and so common-place and inferior is it as a composition that we regret that it has been imported at all. As a composer, Donizetti seems to have exhausted himself in "Anna Bolena;" and though in his "Marino Faliero," and other operas not known to an English audience, there are many gleams of talent, he has written nothing except "Anna Bolena," which would not have sunk into early oblivion unless supported by the exertions of such singers as he has had the good fortune to meet with. Pasta, Malibran, Grisi, Rubini, Ivanoff, Tamburini, and Lablache have been the mediums through which we have received his works—and what would not be satisfactory under their auspices. Only compare his advantages with those of Barnett. For instance, suppose that Grisi had replaced Miss Romer; Rubini and Lablache, Wilson and Guibilei, why "Fair Rosamond" would have caused as great a *furor* as the "Puritani" (of course we take for granted certain changes of style to correspond with the change of performers). Now we do not consider either the "Puritani" or "Fair Rosamond" superlatively good in themselves—far from it; but we think there is nearly as much merit in the one as in the other, and so we quit this part of criticism; adding, however, with respect to the case in point, that there is not a solo, duet, trio, quartet, or chorus in "Belisario" we ever wish to hear again.

The story is a *rifacimento* of the old French romance, and is of course equally veracious in point of history. It is divided into three periods:—The Triumph—The Exile—and The Death. In the first Belisarius returns victorious, bringing many prisoners, to all whom, by the emperor's permission, he gives their freedom. One, however, of the newly liberated captives, "Alamiro," refuses to quit him, and, dazzled by his warlike glory, wishes to become his friend—and they swear eternal friendship accordingly. It appears that "Antonina," the wife of "Belisarius," has been informed during his absence, that her infant son, who had been stolen, had been kidnapped and murdered by the commands of the father. This creates so strong a desire for revenge in her mind that, in order to gratify this passion, she interpolates certain treasonable passages in some of the general's letters to her. These are shown up to the Emperor; "Belisarius" is tried for his life, and "Antonina" appears as a witness against him. This produces an *éclaircissement*, in the course of which "Belisarius" confesses that he was urged to the sacrifice of his infant by a dream, which represented his son as the greatest enemy of his country, and which danger his patriotism induced him to avert at the expense of his paternal feelings. Here the first division ends amid the roar of

trumpets and rolling of drums, whose clang and thunder assist all the singers to express their horror.

In the second part "Belisarius" appears exiled and deprived of sight, as a punishment for his offences. "Alamiro," his new friend, vows vengeance for his wrongs, and departs to execute it, while his daughter, "Irene," becomes the companion of his exile.

In the third act "Belisarius" recognises his son "Alexis" in "Alamiro," who is at the head of a horde of barbarians, and induces him to quit the command, and is shortly after himself slain by an arrow in the moment of a victory achieved by the magic of his redoubted name. His repentant wife loses her senses, and the opera closes.

Inchindi, who appeared as "Belisario," is a respectable bass singer, but without any extraordinary pretensions. In a duet with "Alamiro" he was encored, and we may here mention that this duet is either the parent or offspring of the famous duet in the "Puritani," or they are both sprung from the same source; at all events the resemblance was more striking than is usual, even in plagiarisms. The part of "Alamiro" was filled by Signor De Val, who assisted a few weeks since at the slaughter of Rossini's "Donna del Lago," which cruel massacre we spared ourselves the pain of criticising. He has, in his present part, preserved the high reputation for mediocrity he had previously acquired. Signora De Angioli as "Irene," looked well, and sung badly. She has been well-trained by her father, who, though an indifferent singer, is an excellent musician, and may by and by improve. Let her make less noise, fewer grimaces, and remember that the appearance of too much confidence in a young and fair debutante is as disagreeable as too great a want of it is painful. Gian-noni played "Antonina," and exhibited the same judgment and taste she had previously displayed at the Lyceum; but her *timbre* is not on a sufficiently large scale for this great stage. No doubt the voice may be heard, for there is no theatre in London, be it ever so small, which is equally well adapted for the diffusion of musical sounds. But, though heard, it sounded small, and her delicate form and subdued action were lost in a great measure to those who were near, and we conceive those at a distance can have received very little gratification from her performance. When she becomes more accustomed to a large stage, or at all events in quiet parts, this defect will vanish; and, as it was, nothing could be better conceived than her part, though wanting vigour in its execution.

The first act of "Beniowsky" was the Ballet, and stale as it has become, it is not yet worn out. Duvernay and Mabile danced a *pas de deux* in the style of Taglioni and Perrot, in which the grace and elegance of the one, and the activity and neatness of the other, could scarcely be pronounced inferior to those of their prototypes, and would be equally meritorious were they equally original. Duvernay only wants a little more *à plomb* to make her as perfect as any thing we have yet seen. She afterwards swam through the delightful, though somewhat licentious, Cachoucha (a fault this, by the way, peculiar to Spanish dances), which seems to enjoy an unfading popularity. Erminie Elsler did not appear to so much advantage as heretofore. She does not grow upon us. Her activity and spirit are very

engaging, but there is a spice of vulgarity about her which is not pleasant to look upon.

Saturday, April 8th.—The Opera Company returned to the Haymarket on this night. They played the "Puritani," and of course there can be nothing to criticise, or at least no new criticisms to offer. Suffice it to say that Grisi was as charming as ever, Lablache as tremendous, and Rubini and Tamburini as delightful as heretofore. They met with the most enthusiastic reception, to which they responded by the utmost exertions to please. We long to see them in the new opera by Costa, or in some old one revived, which would be equally novel, and probably much better.

Tuesday, April 18th.—The "Cenerentola" was revived for the first appearance of Madame Albertazzi. Notwithstanding her foreign name, she is an Englishwoman, and married Signor Albertazzi, who was, we believe, employed as a chorus singer at the Opera at the time. During her absence from England she has devoted herself to the improvement of her musical abilities with great assiduity, and, after having enjoyed most extraordinary success at Paris, returns to her native country to make an equally strong impression in her favour. Her voice is a contralto, with a considerable compass in the upper notes, and the whole of it under the most perfect command. The flexibility and delicacy of the upper notes is most remarkable, and told with great effect in the finale. If there be any defect in her organ or acting, it is want of richness and fire; but we must see her again ere we give a determinate opinion on this point.

Ivanoff and Tamburini filled the parts of the Prince and his Valet. Lablache was the "Don Magnifico." All three were excellent.

FRENCH PLAYS.

April 3rd.—The French Plays at the Lyceum this year are, we believe, a speculation of Mr. Bunn's, or jointly his with Madame Vertpré. The promised attractions are great. Vernet is to come, and Lafont is here. For the ladies we are promised Vertpré, Plessy, and Dejazet. Allan, whom some of our readers may remember thirteen years since in Tottenham Street, and his wife Madame Allan Despréaux, form a part of the company. Both are very clever, though perhaps not of the first class. There were four pieces given, all vaudevilles, and depending on the smartness of the dialogue and the vivacity of the actors for their success, and not on more solid dramatic qualities. This is probably one reason why translations from this class of entertainment are seldom successful, for it does not often happen that the point and wit of the language is transferred to the imitation. One of the pieces, "Un Mariage sans l'Empire," lately appeared at the Olympic in an English dress, but was soon laid aside. It turns on the peculiar manners of the French soldiery, a class of men as remarkable in their own way as our blue jackets are in theirs. "Victorin Geoffray" a colonel in Buonaparte's army, is sent by him to marry a lady of noble family and great wealth. She not unnaturally objects to be wooed, wedded, and quitted, in twenty-four hours, especially to a soldier of fortune, whose birth and

fortune are immeasurably below her own. His handsome exterior and engaging manners overcome her objections, and she consents to the union, but is so overwhelmed with the caresses of her new connections, that she at last makes a positive stand and refuses to remain under the same roof with two of them who brought up Victorin from his boyhood. He leaves her in an ecstasy of disgust, and here ends the act. In the next, after an interval of two years, his death having been reported, he re-appears in the character of his brother to the supposed widow, and is so well convinced that he had formed too hasty a judgment of her character, that he owns himself to be the real Victorin Geoffray, and they are re-united with mutual satisfaction. There is an under-plot in which a young lawyer, failing to make himself agreeable to a young damsel who is in love with gold lace and gunpowder, turns soldier, and after an absence of two years, during which he has learned to smoke, swear, and ridicule *l'état civil*, finds on his return that his lady has changed her mind, and thinks happiness most likely to be found in the arms of what he contemptuously terms *un pequin*. Lafont, as the Colonel, was capital as he always is, and left nothing to be desired. The rest were respectable. A detailed notice of the other pieces would make our readers yawn as we did many a time before the curtain fell at one o'clock, and we spare them the affliction.

ADELPHI.

Easter Monday.—Two new pieces were prepared for the hungry play-goers of the holidays.—The Daughter of the Danube and Ruth Tudor. The former is an adaptation from the French Ballet *La Fille du Fleure*, and is meant merely for scenic effect. The plot is very simple and soon told. The Deity of the Danube came on earth, and there for a time, in the semblance of a fisherman, married a wife. By her he had two children; one of them is missed, together with himself, and of course they are supposed drowned. The remaining daughter grows up to womanhood under the eye of the widow, who wishes her to marry an unwelcome suitor. The girl refuses and is surprised by the apparition of her papa, in full river-god costume, who persuades her to descend into his under-water mansions. Hither she is followed by her lover, and, after sundry trials of his constancy, they are united. John Reeve was introduced as a tyrannical old Baron, who wishes to take unto himself a fourth wife, having disposed of his three first in the depths of the Danube, and who selects Caralie (Mrs. Honey) to do the duty in this capacity, ousting a previous aspirant to the honour of her hand, who was not quite equally disagreeable to her, but incomparably less welcome than Franzel the Baron's page. As may be supposed, the dialogue is nonsensical enough, but Reeve looked comical, Mrs. Honey looked pretty, Mrs. Fitzwilliam arch, and Buckstone quaint, and that was enough for the occasion. The scenery is pretty, especially the grotto beneath the rolling waves of the mighty river. The whole went off very well, and we are not inclined to find fault except to observe, that it would have been as well if the author had not introduced

sharks, porpuses, lobsters, turbot, and other salt-water fish into a fresh-water stream, which does not even empty itself into the sea.

The second piece, "*Ruth Tudor*," is so disgracefully bad, that we scarcely could sit it out. Puns without point, witless jests, and situations without effect, make up the sum of this abortion. Mrs. Yates played one of the parts, and, though evidently labouring under indisposition, made the most of it as she always does. By the way, Mrs. Yates is a remarkable example of the disadvantages of our large theatres to actors and actresses whose physical powers do not equal their discrimination and abilities. We recollect her well in her first season at Covent Garden, when she played Lady Teazle to Farren's Sir Peter, Fawcett's Sir Oliver, Young and C. Kemble in the Joseph and Charles Surface, Jones as Sir Benjamin Backbite, Mrs. Gibbs as Mrs. Candour, and, we believe, her present husband in Moses. It could not be the want of support, for such a cast will not be soon met with again, but though graceful, elegant, and judicious, Miss Brunton produced no effect as Lady Teazle. Shortly afterwards, when her father was Lessee of the theatre in Tottenham Street, she appeared there, and soon drew respectable and numerous audiences to that not very fashionable theatre. Having united herself to Yates when he, in conjunction with Matthews, took the Adelphi, she made that stage her own, and is admitted to be unrivalled in domestic tragedy and natural pathos. Yet, lately, when she tried Drury Lane, her performances passed unnoticed. To what can this be attributed but the unhealthy magnitude of our theatres, which have outgrown the proper limits of their size, and in which all delicate intonations and fine shades of expression are utterly lost, and that only can be appreciated which is energetic and powerful? These last are certainly important qualities, but we most sincerely wish to see the national stage reduced to a size where all can see and hear and enjoy every species of ornament belonging to the histrionic art.

NOTES OF THE MONTH.

"*Nescio quid meditans nugarum et totus in illis.*"—HORACE.

PROFUSE PARSIMONY.—We perceive by the Scotch papers, that the pedestal of a statue, intended to be erected in Edinburgh to the memory of the Duke of York, has arrived at its destination. This is peculiarly a-propos just now. The Scotch Highlanders are starving; the empire resounds with the echo of their woes, re-echoed in every newspaper, from every pulpit, and by every philanthropist in Great Britain. All our fiddlers have been rasping their catgut to beget compassion in human bowels for the sufferings of the kilted ones, and our singers have, in some instances, taken the rheumatics while ascending the chromatic scale in behalf of the denizens of Ben Nevis. The "*Abbotsford Fund*" is plethoric with evidences of English munificence, and the Sawnies cry out against the degeneracy of the age in permitting the bones of the author of "*Waverley*" to sleep in aught but porphyry or agate. All Scotland teems with substantial proofs of our proverbial generosity, exemplified in the most prodigal, profuse, and (in nine cases out of ten) most foolish fashion possible; and yet the expenditure of a shilling in such objects as

improving the navigation of the Shannon or forwarding the completion of the Plymouth Breakwater, exposes us to a tempest of North Tweed invective against extravagance. But yet who so animated in the race as a Scotchman, if a sinecure be the goal? Scotch thriftiness, however, disappears before the ennobling ambition of recording the glories of the hero of Dunkirk. The Highlanders may descend to the lowest depths of penury, but his Royal Highness shall balloon it to the acme of Scotch enthusiasm and a granite pillar. It's enough to make one sick to see the people who let Burns starve, thus shamelessly caricaturing themselves in seeking to do honour to a man whose friends, if he had any, should assiduously seek to enshroud his memory in the mists of obscurity. Of all fools your cunning ones are the most egregious, as they certainly are the most nauseating.

SOMETHING INCONGRUOUS.—The "Morning-Post" was at one time an infallible authority touching the much-mooted point of the texture of Lady A.'s pocket handkerchief, or the number of individual straight and curled hairs in the Marquis of B.'s sinister moustache. It was oracular respecting the gentility of eating lollipops in the morning, or sneezing before a certain hour in the afternoon; learned in the etiquette of the tea-table, and profound in the manipulation of muffins. Politics were in these days pronounced vulgar, and the "Post" was great. Its opinion relative to "Almack's" and the "Opera" was looked up to with deference, and justly so, for its competency to decide upon such matters was indisputable. But since it has taken to the discussion of serious pursuits it has degenerated into the merest twaddler, and is now the butt of butlers and ridicule of the servants' hall. The most deplorable part of the business however is, that with its modern inanity, shallowness, and vapid fooleries, it mixes all its quondam airs of assumption and disdain of the commonalty that used to distinguish it when it really knew something of what it prated about. Of all its nonsensical exhibitions, however, that have lately come within our knowledge, what it calls its musical critiques are the most astounding, more particularly those relative to the *debut* of the new singer Albertazzi. We should analyze one of those amusing *morceaux*, if space permitted; but we find a sledge-hammer notice in a weekly paper that, for its truth and applicability, will serve instead.

"We have seen the critiques on 'Albertazzi' in the 'Morning-Post,' and more deplorable perpetrations in the way of ignorant presumption, bad English and utter nonsense, we have never met. The musical notices in the 'Post' were once respectably done, indeed more so, on the whole, than in any of the other daily papers; but lately they seem to be composed with a view to show how a blockhead may chatter the gibberish of a professor without being able to distinguish a flageolet from a kettle-drum, or the soprano of Grisi from the grunt of a two-year-old porker. No wonder the aristocracy despise plebeians, when, in their own fashionable organ they find this stultified donkey prating about a subject with which he is as conversant as a grampus is with metaphysics, or the Duke of Buckingham with the Cachucha Dance."

CHARACTERISTIC.—A Tory journal reviewed Dr. Millingen's "Curiosities of Medical Experience" a short time since as the production of one Dr. Mulligan. The "Standard," in ridiculing a great anti-church-rate meeting held in Hanley, the principal town in the Staffordshire Potteries, speaks of the locality in true Vandal ignorance, as *Hunley*; and our recollection is plethoric of numerous similar instances on the part of the Conservatives. This is at least characteristic. They would turn reformers, forsooth, and nice emendators they would prove. Why, it is evident from the veriest trifles that when they attempt anything in the way of improvement they invariably "make a *mull* of it."

We see an advertisement in a northern paper headed "Coquetdale Agricultural Society;" no doubt one of those associations whose sole object is to keep

up the delusion about the corn monopoly being favourable to the general interests of Great Britain, and to the landed interest thereof in particular. This again is characteristic. Those associations do coquet a deal with the mole-blind farmers, who, like the dupe of other nymphs, insist upon being victimized, though all the world be laughing at them the while. However, we have hopes of the clodpoles yet, though they and common sense have so long been unknown that we might well be excused for our scepticism in the possibility of their political redemption. We understand that they are at length beginning to see through—and, by the way, no limited vision will suffice to see through that arch humbug, and most plausible, though empty noddled noodle—Lord Chandos. We have seen some Bucks' pastorals inscribed to him as Lord Sham'd-us. The poor Aylesbury £50 tenants can appreciate the applicability of the cognomen.

COURT CIRCULAR MYSTERIES.—Locke, Hobbes, and the philosophers must have been unaware of the existence of court newsmen when dissertations on innate ideas were the rage. We wish Bentham had given us a couple of tomes on the codification of the fashionable paragraphists, for in the high-life gossip columns of the diurnals, we occasionally meet with announcements "hovering on the verge of meaning" that ought to portend something, though, for the life of us, we can't make out what, through the want of some index to the ratiotination process prevalent among the gentry who deal in obfuscating the intellects of plebeians touching the mysticism of *ton*. For instance, in one of the matutinal organs of May fairish humanity the other day, we find the following:—"In consequence of Lady Bingham having been appointed one of the ladies of the bed-chamber to the Queen, Lord Bingham will retire from the command of the 17th Lancers on half-pay." Now, how her Ladyship's appointment to the inspectorship of royal bolster cases, and the adjustment of majestic counterpanes, &c. (if such be the duties of ladies of the bedchamber, though heaven knows we are blissfully ignorant thereof), how, we say, this can interfere with his Lordship's superintendence of the moustaches and drumsticks of the seventeenth we are regularly nonplused to find out. Is it that the fatigue of receiving his half-pay for doing nothing became too onerous to permit of his allowing her ladyship's doing less without his assistance when she had that important duty to discharge. We pause for a reply. Probably three vols. post 8vo., founded on this startling event, entitled the "Fatal Warmingpan, or Aristocratic Anomalies," will illuminate us before the summer is over.

Another worthy adjunct to the preceding, and also indicative of the extraordinary doings within the penetralia of the royal household, is to be found in the subjoined:—"We understand that the King, when informed of the present distress experienced by the silk manufactures in Spitalfields, was pleased to direct that a sufficient quantity of silk for fourteen dresses should be immediately completed and forwarded to his Majesty at Windsor Castle." The Oligarchs call us, unfortunate Liberals, discontented hounds, and talk of our treason and so on, because we say that petticoat influence *has been* in the ascendant at St. James's. Well, if truth be libellous, let us be impeached. Here we have it on unquestionable evidence that our august sovereign, William the Fourth, orders for *himself* no less than fourteen petticoats, at one and the same time, habilimented in which, for any thing we know to the contrary, he may dissolve parliament. Should the worst come to the worst, and this be the case, let Mr. Hume bear in mind one satisfactory reflection—the eight cream-coloured horses that demi-annually transport his Majesty when clothed in a simple pair of breeches and laced hat, from the bottom of Pall Mall to the end of Whitehall, will have no sinecure if he induct himself in fourteen silk dresses. Royal orthodoxy in matters of female ornament is sufficient guarantee that each dress will be duly furnished with the requisite number of furbelows and flounces, however multitudinous. We trust also, that the royal caput will be surmounted with fourteen head-tiers

with plumes and all the necessary et-ceteras to match; for it is only a matter of justice that those cream-coloured brutes should earn their barley, which it is barely possible they ever can do—much to the annoyance of the public pulse.

UNCOMMON FINE WRITING.—“As mad as a March hare” is a common adage, and by way of illustrating it we suppose, the editor of the *Liverpool Telegraph* thus acquainted the public with his appreciation of his own merits, and their beatitude in possessing such a Solon, in his publication of the 8th ult. :—“The *Liverpool Telegraph* is but, as it were [there may be a doubt about it then it seems], a new combatant in the field of politics; but the great encouragement and support which we have met with since we buckled on our armour, and entered the lists to contend for the rights and privileges of the people, induces (!) us again [a constant recreation, we may surmise, with the Liverpudlian Bobadil] to put forth our political creed, and to renew those vows and protestations of fidelity to the people’s cause, which have won for us the unexampled patronage which has been our portion during our hitherto short career. [A precious nincompoop for the protégé of the ‘Metropolis of the North.’] ‘FOR THE PEOPLE’ has been our motto from first to last. Under the same motto we shall continue the conflict. Our object will ever be to uphold the people’s rights, contend for their privileges, and to urge on the march of all those great measures which will tend to increase their [whose—are the measures in strait-waistcoats?] liberties, and promote their happiness and welfare. We are the advocates of principles, not of persons. We shall give our support to the Ministry whenever the Ministry act for the people; but as often as we see the slightest symptoms of trimming, or shuffling, or leaning towards the aristocracy at the people’s cost, we shall be amongst the first to denounce and expose them. So we have done in time past, so we shall do in time to come. As Reformers we must stand, or as Reformers we must fall.” [A subject of vast moment truly whether he do one or the other.] We won’t say with the spouse of Iago, that it would be proper to put a scourge into every honest hand to lash this gentleman through his syntax and prosody, for we think good whip-cord would be wasted if so applied, even though we are favourable to a repeal of the duty on hemp. But we fancy that the destitute Highlanders, about whom we heard so much at the Egyptian Hall the other day, might find plenty of occupation in cutting birch for the good of some of our best possible instructors, who go *Telegraphing* their inanities about, after the fashion of the foregoing worthy. He is one of those brilliants whose phoenix-like rise the Tories predicted from the extinction of the fourpenny stamp; and we must not blind ourselves to the mischievous effects of such rampant nonsense because a liberal happens to be the showman. The Slops of this order are becoming as plentiful as mushroomrooms, or rather we should say as toadstools, for the growth of such *fungi* is a melancholy matter. They are in the heroics upon all possible occasions. No wonder Russia should augment her forces by land, and America increase her marine, when people keep clamouring about buckling on armour and entering the lists at this rate. Why half-a-dozen of Burke’s departure-of-chivalry speeches were not near so martial as a newspaper leader is now-a-days. “Arms on armour clashing bray, horrible discord” perpetually. And though the arms and armour be neither helm or blade, nor even potstick or frying-pan, still the uproarious derangement of verbs, nouns, and participles (*vide* the extract) has a cursed alacrity in the production of the doldrums. We speak earnestly, because feelingly. It’s no joke to have the din of “guns, blunderbusses, trumpets, drums, and thunder,” resounding in one’s ears; and if there be one thing in the world that can add to our abhorrence of this species of annoyance, it is when the perpetrators thereof insist upon their hideous dissonance being regarded as “dulcet and harmonious breath.” If one of these Ossianic-soul’d gentry wishes to inform us of his determination of purpose, forthwith he treats us

to a flourish about having nailed his flag to the mast and going down with all sails set. But ask a metaphor-dabbler what he means by this jargon, and ten to one he can't tell you the difference between a top-gallant royal and the hatchway. Then for clouds horizons and breakers, gulphs surges and tornadoes, one may as well take up a treatise on navigation as encounter a newspaper paragraph about a squabble between a dog's-meat man and the proprietor of a Punch-and-Judy show, or any other penny-a-line catastrophe. Some time ago you couldn't learn that your friend had a cold without being treated to a croak from the Frogs of Aristophanes, or be told of the apprenticeship of a charity urchin without your informant pitching you an *Arma-virumque-cano* version of the affair, to the utter bewilderment of all common sense.

Now that *that* rage has gone by, we find that our mother tongue may be a very mysterious language without the "aid of foreign ornament," for our wise-ones of the press, the bar, and the senate, will not be simple. Is there no preventative against this mania for fine writing? The other day we saw an advertisement from a country gentleman desiring to participate in the *Times* at half-price. Participate in the *Times*! Cobbett proposed to keep a mallet with an attendant functionary in every parish church, to knock all phrase-mongering humbugs upon the head; but his big English heart led him to think too favourably of his countrymen, for he certainly did not mean iron mallets, and hence the inutility of his suggestion. "Too much water hast thou had, Ophelia," said Laertes to his drowned sister. Too much wood hast thou in thy headpiece, oh Borthwick! to profit by the prescription of the athlete of the gridiron. And yet who should know the ailments of the representative of Hamlet and Evesham, if not him of Oldham? Anomalous this of a verity, for like to like says the proverb—*gammon* says Peter (posturising after the Dying Gladiator) apple-pie all quince is too much of a good thing. What with Peter, Richards, and a few more in the Commons, Phillpotts in the "other place," and some of our hebdomadal and diurnal meteors, our pensive public are pretty well off in the commodity our intense neighbours call botheration.

RATHER UNREASONABLE.—They say that a certain literary M.P. is excessively dissatisfied at the reception of his first and last dramatic production. One of his grounds of complaint is, that certain members of the press who had hitherto played toadies to him on all occasions have, in the case alluded to, forgotten their quondam occupation, and barked at his heels in chorus with the pack of vilifiers by whom he had always been assailed. Dissatisfaction on this score is natural enough, and we can the more readily sympathise in his chagrin thereat from our having always abstained from absurd eulogies on the one hand, and malignant censure on the other. But it is also said, we know not how truly, that he finds fault with Macready because he boasts that his was the only part in the play in the least entitled to be considered a well-drawn or a powerfully sustained character. Now, if the honourable and learned gentleman really indulge in any splenetic grievings of this sort, we must consider him as peevishly vain as his traducers insist that he is. Whatever he himself now thinks, it is manifest that in the first instance he considered, the actor also considered, and lastly, the public, we imagine very justly, considered that Macready is entitled to *Brag-alone*.

BLOWING HOT AND COLD IN THE SAME BREATH.—On the appearance of the King's Speech the tory organs instantly pronounced it the most barren, meagre, and unmeaning document of the kind ever published. Next evening the *Standard*, which had joined in the cry of its anti-ministerial compatriots, contained the following:—

"Before the ministerial announcements had been three hours before the public a becoming resolve was taken, preparations were commenced, and Freemasons' Hall was engaged for a public meeting of the friends of the

Established Church, of which the announcement will appear in a few days." —Well, the friends of the church took a great deal of pains to little purpose if the Speech meant nothing, or at all events viewed its contents with very different eyes from the *Standard* and the rest of that tribe. This is tory unanimity, is it? Pulling together with a vengeance truly! But adherence to fanaticism and political rancour must naturally blind people to the commission of the most nonsensical absurdities. When they are so harmless as to afford us a laugh, as in the present instance, well and good; but malignant idiocy is rarely passive.

JOURNAL OF FACTS.

Discoveries since 1766.—

The steam-engine improved	1769
Spinning by steam	1782
Air-balloons, four new planets re- covering drowned persons	1792
Hydraulic press, and telegraphs..	1794
Percussion powder, Galvanism the names in chemistry	1803
The Argand lamp, boring 'for wa- ter, coal, &c.	1804
Roman cement, gas-light	181
Sugar cultivated in Louisiana	1801
Navigation by Steam	1811
Printing by steam-power, circular saws, sugar from the root o fbeet, lithographic impressions	1816
Musical boxes	1877
Safety lamps, chain cables	1820
Chronometers perfected, power looms for cloths, stockings, &c., the stomach pump	1828
Steam guns and carriages	1832
Gum elastic shoes and boots	1833

—*Mining Journal.*

Plumbago and Black Lead Pencils.—There is only one purpose to which this form of carbon is applied in the solid state, viz., for the manufacture of black lead pencils. One of the most remarkable circumstances connected with the plumbago is the mode in which it is sold. Once a year the mine at Borrowdale is opened, and a sufficient quantity of plumbago is extracted to supply the market during the ensuing year. It is then closed up, and the product is carried in small fragments to London, where it is exposed to sale, at the black lead market, which is held on the first Monday of every month, at a public-house in Essex-street, Strand. The buyers, who amount to about seven or eight, examine every piece with a sharp instrument to ascertain its hardness. The individual who has the first choice pays 45s. per pound; the other 30s. But as there is no addition made to the first quantity in the market during the course

of the year, the residual portions are examined over and over again, until they are exhausted. The annual amount of sale is about 3000*l*. There are three kinds of pencils—common, ever-pointed, and plummets. The latter are composed of one-third sulphuret of antimony and two-thirds plumbago. In Paris, when you buy a sheet of paper in a stationer's sho'd some of these pencils are added to the purchase. Now these are formed of a mixture of plumbago, fuller's earth, and vermicelli. Genuine cedar pencils must cost 6*d*. each. If they are sold at a lower price, they must be formed from a mixture, not from pure plumbago. Pencils are, however, sold as low as 4*d*. a dozen. —*Rec. of Gen. Sc.*

Light.—The Italian natural philosopher, Melloni, has recently invented a mode of depriving the rays of light of caloric, which seems to open the way to great discoveries respecting the nature of light, when thus insulated. He passes the sun's rays through a combination of transparent bodies (water, and a particular sort of glass coloured green with oxide of copper), which bodies absorb all the caloric, and but little of the light. The light thus separated from its caloric is very yellow, with a green tinge; and when so concentrated by lenses, as to be as bright as the direct ray, the most delicate thermometer does not show the smallest degree of warmth. It has long been known that the prism, besides dividing the ray into its several pencils of colours, separated at one end of the spectrum a pencil of heat-making rays, and at the other a pencil of chemically-acting rays, both perceptible only by their effect; but this mode of severing the heat from the light offered little means of experimenting upon the unadulterated light, of which Melloni's discovery seems to give the philosopher as complete command as he has of the gases, &c.

Places of Worship in England and Wales:—

Established Church.....	11,825
Wesleyan Methodists.....	2,820
Protestant Dissenters.....	2,911
Baptists, Quakers, and others	1,580
Roman Catholics.....	411

19,547

Of the London Catholic Chapels 6 out of 25 are attached to the Foreign embassies;—of 383 in the provinces only 16 are supported by subscription, the remainder belonging to the private seats of the Roman Catholic gentry, or to the colleges

and religious houses in different parts of the country.

Animal Temperature.—It is a curious fact that men of all nations and tribes, and of all climes, whether they feed on herbs, flesh, milk, or pulse, have very nearly the same bodily heat, that is, 37° 1 Centigrade or 99° Fahrenheit. This heat, however, is a trifle augmented when a man is transported to a cold, and on the contrary diminished when transported to a hot climate. Birds have the greatest bodily heat, mammiferous animals next, then man, amphibious animals, and some insects.

RAILROADS OF THE UNITED STATES.										Grand Total of Canals and Railroads, made, making, &c.	
STATES.	No. of Miles.	Made.		In progress.		Projected.		Cost doll.		Miles.	Cost doll.
		Miles.	Cost doll.	Miles.	Cost doll.	Miles.	Cost doll.	Miles.	Cost doll.		
Maine.....	4	10	200,000			416	3,663,500	426	3,663,500	15	300,000
N. Hampshire	1			15	300,000					400	4,000,000
Vermont.....	4					400	4,000,000			604	15,999,454
Massachusetts	16	117	4,401,454	205	6,150,000	183	3,920,000			77	1,990,000
Rhode Island.	2			40	1,200,000	10	300,000			90	2,700,000
Connecticut.....	3			90	2,700,000					3774	88,961,108
New York.....	93	175	3,500,000	1,557	31,155,000	906	18,433,000			442	11,725,000
New Jersey.....	7	108	2,960,000	87	1,705,000	75	1,500,000			3754	87,585,000
Pennsylvania.....	43	451	13,874,068	817	15,235,000	1178	22,085,000			134	2,200,000
Delaware.....										1844	43,366,507
Maryland.....	4	130	4,306,507	274	6,850,000	1089	21,780,000			2058	22,628,929
Virginia.....	24	102	1,176,103	153	1,535,000	1260	12,595,000			1031	15,580,000
North Carolina	5					1008	15,120,000			843	15,680,000
South Carolina	3	136	2,040,000	100	1,500,000	607	12,140,000			313	10,970,000
Georgia.....	7			429	5,435,000	308	3,570,000			1084	18,655,000
Alabama.....	8			46	690,000	985	16,075,000			229	2,085,000
Mississippi.....	4			178	1,320,000	51	765,000			566	11,320,000
Louisiana.....	3	5	80,000	560	11,200,000	6	120,000			706	15,580,305
Tennessee.....										3649	48,435,342
Kentucky.....	3	30½	920,000	60	1,200,000	56	660,305			716	8,850,000
Ohio.....	41			289	4,739,000	2380	27,005,000			1855	24,250,000
Indiana.....	3					253	2,650,000			200	2,500,000
Illinois.....	13					1760	17,250,000				
Missouri.....	2					200	2,500,000				
D. of Columbia											
Florida.....											
Total.....	293	1,235	33,456,132	4,900	92,914,000	13,131	187,231,805	25,179	459,025,145		

Grass Oil.—This is a fine volatile oil from Calcutta; its colour is amber—its smell strongly resembling that of *Kayoo-pooli Oil*. It begins to boil at 120°, and the thermometer continues to rise above 370°, the oil boiling all the time. Sulphuric acid forms a fine crimson acid soap with it, which soon, however, becomes dark-coloured, and the oil remains. It burns readily, giving out much smoke. It is applied to various economical purposes in India.

Great Western Railway.—This railway (117½ m. long) commences near Tyburn turnpike, and, passing by Acton and Hanwell, crosses the Brent and passes 2½ m. to the south of Uxbridge. It thence passes through Slough Salt-hill and Maidenhead to Reading; from which place it inclines somewhat northward to a point 3 m. from Wallingford. The line then runs westward within 2 m. of Wantage to Levindon, where it is joined by the West-junction railway. Thence S. W. the line proceeds through Chippenham and Trowbridge to Bath—and thence to Bristol, when it ends in Temple meads. The summit level at Levindon, which is about 76 m. from London, is 275 feet above the Bristol end and 253 above that of London. The curves are slight and the gradients are moderate; but we strongly object to the inclined plains in Mr. Brunel's plans and to the Box tunnel, which, in our own opinion, from a view of the plans and sections, is so disadvantageous as seriously to affect the interests of the concern. There will most probably be about six tunnels on the line. Box tunnel is 1¼ m. long; and there is another between Bath and Bristol 1012 yards long. The other tunnels are of inconsiderable length. The persons engaged say that the line to Maidenhead will be completed by the close of this year, and that the whole will be finished before the end of 1839. We doubt it.—ED.

Education in Paris.—Rapid progress has been made during the last few years in the education of the lower classes. The principal object proposed to be attained in the infant asylums is to accustom the inmates to industry and obedience. There were not more than seven of these establishments in the year 1833, but at present there are nineteen of them, which are attended by 3500 children. The documents laid before the municipal council of Paris, give the subsequent view of the statistics of education in its public institutions for the year 1834, beginning with the lowest class, and closing with the colleges attached to the University of Paris:—

Asylums founded and supported by the administrators of the hospitals.....	19
Number of children received	3,500
Schools for children maintained by the city of Paris 49, and by the hospitals 71; total	120
Number of pupils.....	25,035
Adult schools maintained by the city of Paris, 19; by the hospitals 7—total....	26
Number of pupils	1,898

Independently of these establishments, the authorities have founded twenty-nine schools of industry, in which 1595 girls, between the ages of twelve and fifteen, are taught to work at the needle. There are 7 colleges attended by 4932 pupils, of whom 1873 are boarded and lodged in the colleges, and 3059 are day-scholars. The whole number of these several establishments is 172, and that of the individuals attending them 37,960. Altogether, including the special schools (*instruction des degrés supérieurs et des écoles spéciale*) *academie universitaire*, the lowest number of persons educated in Paris in the public establishments is 75,000.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

The "Old Sailor" has a new Naval Novel in progress, which will shortly be published under the title of "The Anchorite, or Ten Thousand Topsail-sheet Blocks."

In the Press.

Some Account of the Lives of the Compilers of the Liturgy, collected and arranged from the best Authorities: with Notes and References. By the Rev. John A. Bolster, A.M., M.R.I.A. Chaplain to the Lord Bishop of Cork and Cloyne

Memoirs of Samuel Taylor Coleridge. By James Gillman, Esq. Pickering.

A New and Splendid Edition of Mr. Burke's work on the Beauties, Harmonies, and Sublimities of Nature, which has been many years out of print, will be published about the middle of May

MEETINGS OF THE SCIENTIFIC AND LITERARY BODIES OF LONDON FOR 1837.

SOCIETIES.	Times of Meeting.	January.	February.	March.	April.	May.	June.
Royal, Somerset House	Thursday, 8½ p. m.	12, 19, 26	2, 9, 16, 23	2, 9, 16	6, 13, 20, 27	4, 11, 25	1, 8, 15
Antiquaries, Do.	Thursday, 8 p. m.	12, 19, 26	2, 9, 16, 23	2, 9, 16	6, 13, 20, 24*	4, 11, 25	1, 8, 15
Geological, Do.	Wednesday, 8½ p. m.	4, 18	1, 17*, 22	8, 22	5, 19	3, 17, 31	14
Linnean, Soho Square	Tuesday, 8 p. m.	17	7, 21	7, 21	4, 18	2, 24*	6, 20
Horticultural, 21, Regent Street.....	Tuesday, 3 p. m.	17	7, 21	7, 21	4, 18	1*, 2, 16	6, 20
Med. and Chirurgical, 53, Berners Street.	Jan. Feb. 2 p. m.	10, 24	14, 28	14, 28	11, 25	9, 23
Civil Engineers, 1, Cannon Row.....	Tuesday, 8½ p. m.	10, 17*, 24, 31	7, 14, 21, 28	7, 14, 21, 28	4, 11, 18, 25	2, 9, 16, 23, 30
Society of Arts, Adelphi	Wednesday, 7½ p. m.	11, 18, 25	1, 8, 15, 22, 29	1, 8, 15, 22, 29	5, 12, 19, 26	3, 10, 17, 24, 31	7, 14
Graphic, Thatched House	Illustr. Tues. 8 p. m.	10	14	14	11	9	13
Royal Soc. of Lit. St. Martin's Place....	Wednesday, 8 p. m.	11	8	8	12	10	14
Zoological, 28, Leicester Square.....	Thursday, 4 p. m.	12, 26	9, 23	9, 23	13, 27*	11, 25	8, 22
Royal Institution, Albemarle Street	Tuesday, 8½ p. m.	10, 24	14, 28	14, 28	11, 25	9, 23	13, 27
Royal Asiatic, 14, Grafton Street	Thursday, 3 p. m.	5	2	2	6, 29*	4	1
Royal Geographical, 21, Regent Street ..	Friday, 8½ p. m.	20, 27	3, 10, 17, 24	3, 10, 17	7, 14, 21, 28	1*, 5, 12, 19, 26	2, 9
British Architects, 43, King St. Cov. Gar.	Saturday, 2 p. m.	7, 21	4, 18	4, 18	1, 15	6*	3, 17
Entomological, 17, Old Bond Street	Monday, 9 p. m.	9, 23	13, 27	13	10, 24	8, 15*, 22	July 1, 15
Statistical, St. Martin's Place	Monday, 8 p. m.	16, 30	13, 27	13, 27	3, 17	1*, 15, 29	12, 26
Phrenological, 10, Pantion Square	Monday, 8 p. m.	2, 23*	6	6	3	1	12, 26
	Monday, 8 p. m.	16	20	15*, 20	17	15	July 10, 24
	Monday, 8 p. m.	2, 16	6, 20	6, 20, 31*	3, 17	1, 15	5

* Those Meetings marked thus (*) are Anniversaries.
Entomological Society (17, Old Bond Street).—The Meetings continue through the year on the first Monday of every month, at 8 p. m. The anniversary will be on January 23.
Royal Astronomical Society (Somerset House).—Meetings from November to June, on the second Friday in every month, at 8 p. m. The anniversary will be on February 10.
Statistical Society (4, St. Martin's Place).—Meet on the third Monday of every month from November to July. The anniversary will be on March 15.
Zoological Society.—The Meetings are continued throughout the year, on the first Thursday, and on the second and fourth Tuesdays of each month.